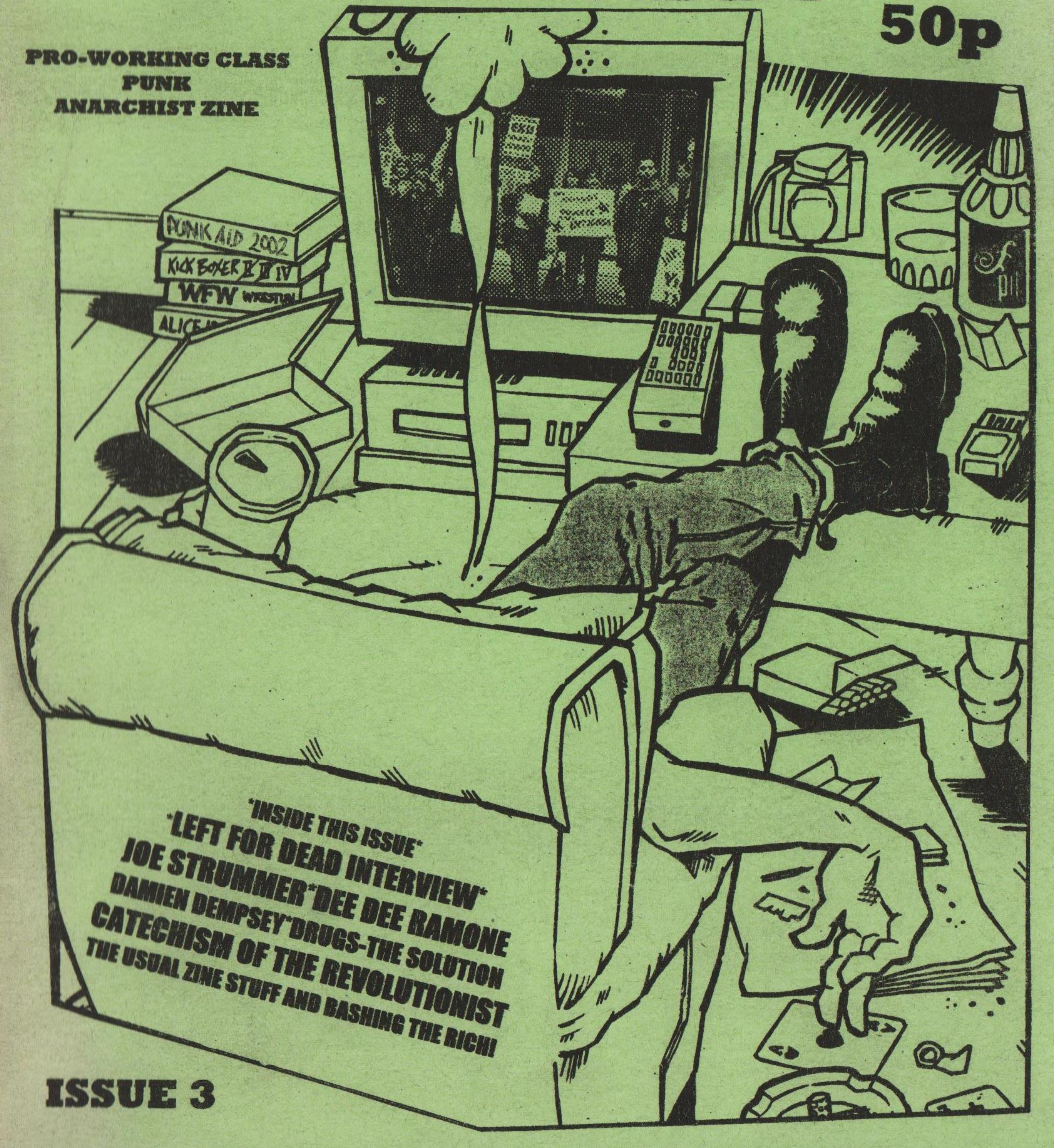


MOST PUNKS ARE TOTAL ARSEHOLES

50p

PRO-WORKING CLASS PUNK ANARCHIST ZINE



INSIDE THIS ISSUE
LEFT FOR DEAD INTERVIEW
JOE STRUMMER*DEE DEE RAMONE
DAMIEN DEMPSEY*DRUGS-THE SOLUTION
CATECHISM OF THE REVOLUTIONIST
THE USUAL ZINE STUFF AND BASHING THE RICH!

ISSUE 3

CHAPTER ONE

At any given moment there are approximately 100,000 people in aeroplanes in the sky. It was a strange statistic he thought and it intrigued him as he flicked through the in flight magazine. Two different human populations- those on the earth and those in the sky. What this meant was that if for some strange reason the population of earth was annihilated either by wars or disease or maybe aliens or whatever there would still be 100,000 of them left, sipping martini's, watching the latest Hollywood blockbuster, sleeping... totally unaware that all below was lost. He pondered about just how many of them up there there was, how many were male, how many were female and how, if they still had a safe place to land, they would go about reconstructing society. He figured most were male, either in the middle or upper economic bracket. This meant of course they would possess skills totally useless if they returned to earth. All the working men and women were now gone...they were the managers with nothing to manage, bosses with no one left to boss, accountants with nothing to account, bankers with no banks, military men with no armies, politicians with no governments and himself a stockbroker. He wondered that it might be a good idea to keep a few planeloads of working people, builders and the like , in the air at all times. This would ensure plenty of muscle and know-how to begin again. After all wasn't it Mao Tse Tung who said it? That its the country with the most maintenance men that would best survive a nuclear holocaust...

they would have no quality of life.

"Everyone in London is running after money and that's not nice for your soul," said Nadia, a French fashion designer who teaches children juggling skills on a voluntary basis.

YOU COULD NOT MAKE IT FUCKING UP... WORDS JUST ESCAPE ME...

I always like reading about lovely young couples who choose alternative lifestyles and set up home in a wigwam or yurt, while scratching a living making bows and arrows, coppicing or some such (We Gave Birth In A Tepee, September 23). In particular, I enjoy looking for the words "on land at Daddy's farm" that invariably accompany such stories.

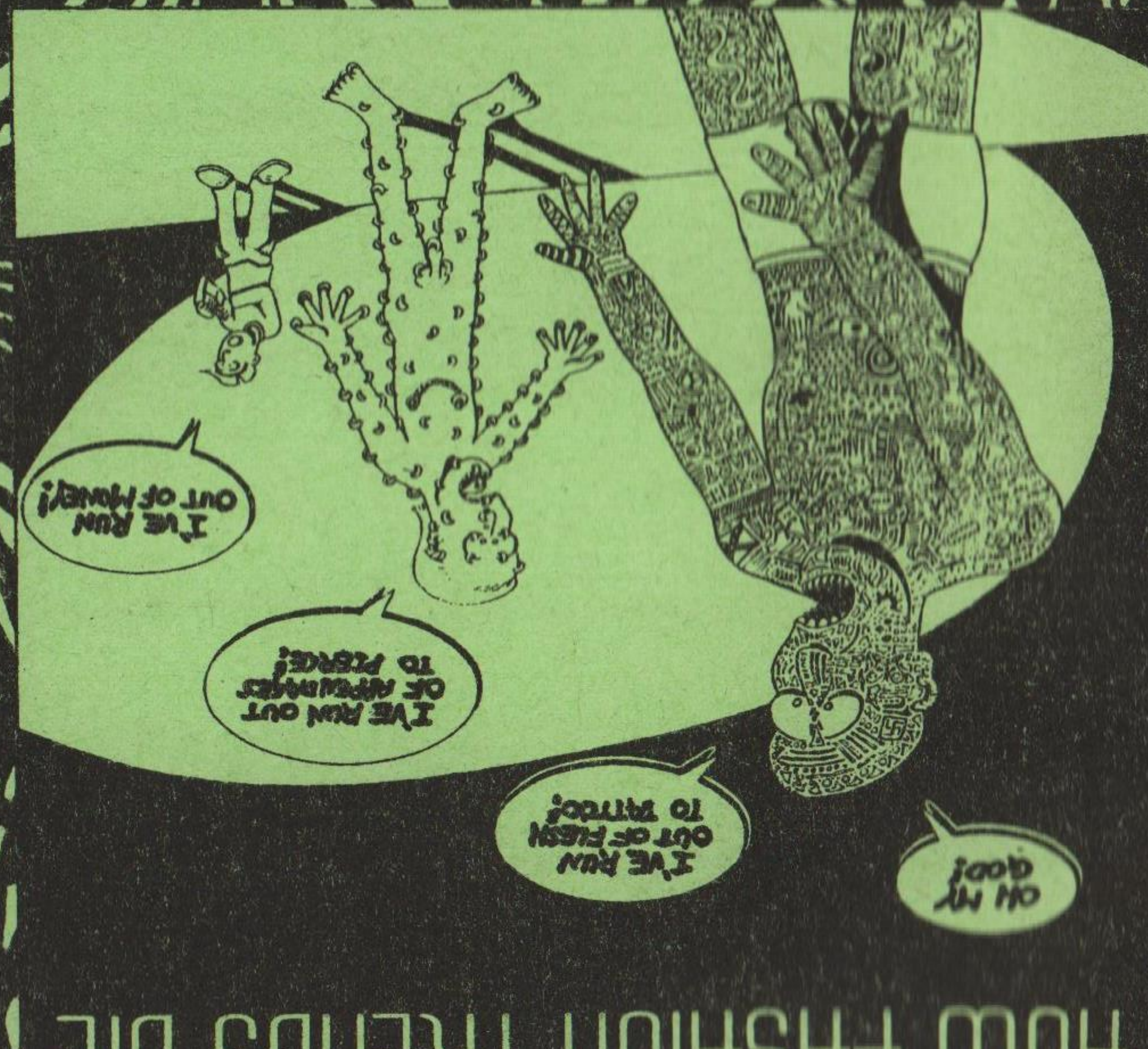
There are also wide differences in how long people remain employed. Six months after leaving the New Deal for a job, as few as one in ten people are still employed in the least-advantaged areas. In the best areas about 50 per cent were still in work after six months.

MOST POLITICOS ARE OPENLY STUPID

WE ARE OPENLY CLASSIST

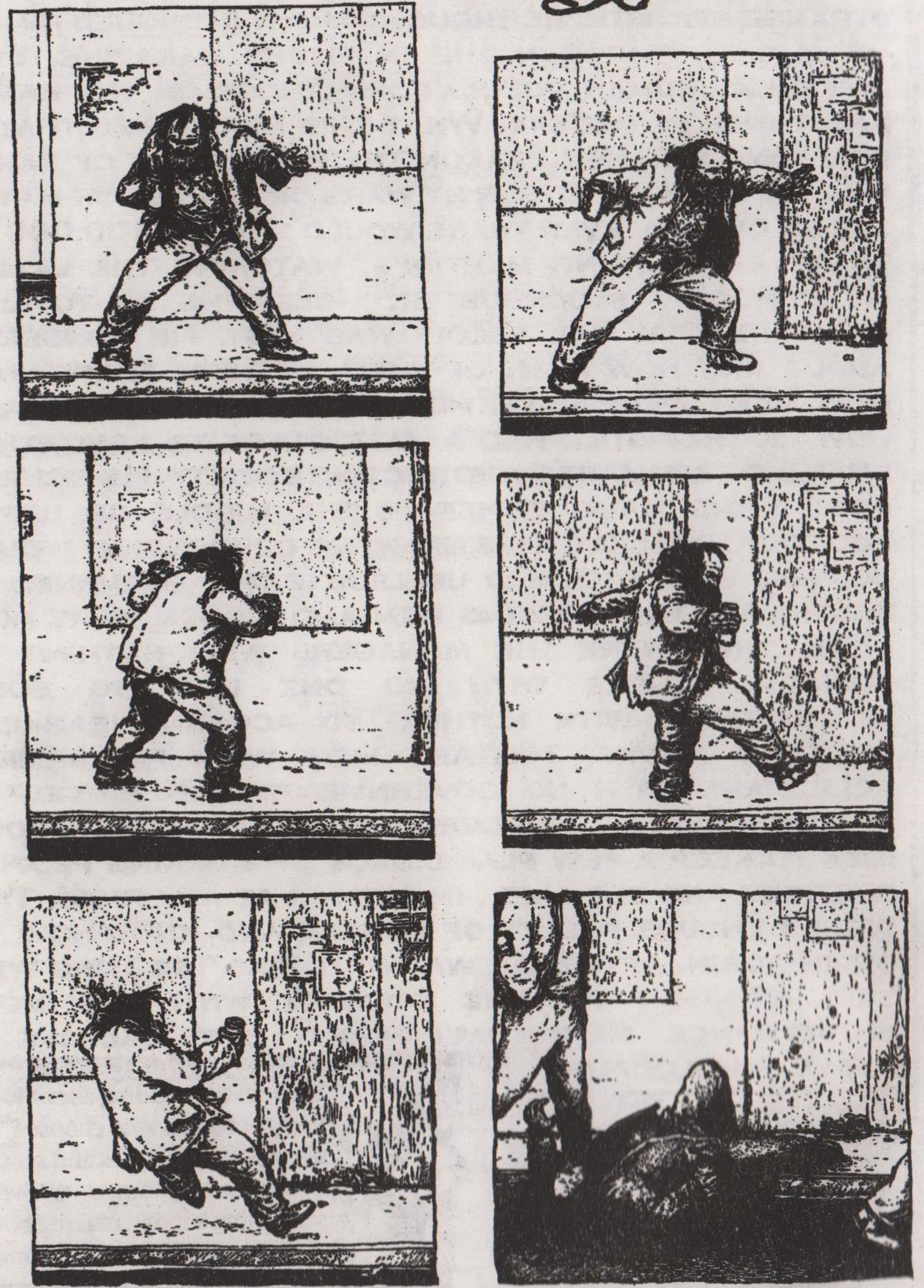
HOW FASHION TRENDS DIE

Yob runs over cop



MPATA3 WAS WRITTEN BY BLASPHEMY BEN,STEVE H,DAVE DOUGLASS,TERMINUS MARK,RAYMUNDO,ADAM FROM A'DAM,BOD,T'OTHER DONNY MARK,BROOOSE,JAMES AXLER AND MESELF.Any zines out there fancy doing a split issue contact us?To get the next issue send us £1 and we'll post it when it comes out,hopefully sooner than it took to do this one!The drugs article is dedicated to Dino.RIP.Don't worry we are well aware of the irony of asking 'government' to control the supply of drugs but don't they do that already!Apologies for spelling mistakes and bad grammar but I am northern after all!All articles and feedback welcomed.That's it so thanks for buying this and support Antifa and Class War. Donny Mark zine published- SEPTEMBER '07

SPECIAL BREW



A CLIFFORD

Rod Liddle thinks the Irish are popular everywhere because we are perceived to hate the British. Actually it's because we speak English and have never invaded anywhere.

A YOUNG thug who tried to kill a policeman by running over him in his own patrol car was jailed for 15 years yesterday.

As he was led to cells at the Old Bailey, Ricky Hales mouthed the word 'Pig' at PC Guy Miller, who had given evidence from a wheelchair.

FUCK LILY ALLEN

Ask anyone who knows me and they'll tell you me pet hate at the moment is Lily Fucking Allen.Its not just that shes the offspring of a millionaire boho artist and a millionaire shit actor and wannabe English man or that she looks and dresSes like a dinner lady neither is it her 'mockney'accent or her generic meaningless songs or that she's where she is solely because of her fathers influence or that shes got a brother called Alfie whose a actor(time for Keith to pull some more strings for his bastard offspring) its this."So what if we're middle class?Just because your mum was too lazy to get her fat lazy ass up off the sofa and make some cash.I shouldn't be able to make tunes yeah?".THE FUCKING CUNTING POSH BASTARD.

people but for them to have no respect for themselves or anyone else,and the expectation of something for nothing...when they see people who are basically thick as fuck(i.e. the likes of Jade Goody)and as nearly useless examples of semi-humanity,getting millionaire lifestyles for being exactly that, then what do we expect?Couple that with the fact that the people at the very top of this asylum we laughingly refer to as a 'society'are all giving each other vast wage increases/pension rights while stripping away all they can from the rest of us-cost cutting at the bottom to ensure they can finance their own wages...AND convincing themselves that THEY are actually WORTH those wages...and all the while being so incompetent at their jobs that in any sane society they'd have been sacked after week one...then what do we expect?



LEFT: A DINNER LADY

DON'T ASK ME!

About how in some schools where they are not teaching about the crusades or the Nazi death camps as it might offend 'minorities' which as is usually the case means muslims, who we are told are taught different versions of events without any elaboration as to actually what these people are taught in mosque-and not to forget that many of these Imans are exceptionally ignorant people.Yes, they know the Koran,or their particular interpretation of it.And that is it.The idea,as I heard it,being that if something is in the Koran,why do they need it anywhere else?And if it isn't in the Koran,then why do they need it all.Because all you need is the Koran,Be a nice slave and submit to the word of God.Ironically enough the word of the Jewish God*.For some reason I always find that amusing,considering the muslims hatred for anything Jewish!

KILL YOUR TV! WHAT TV?

Freeview box?I've not even got a television!As I keep having to explain to those Gestapo at the TV licensing,who seem to have the view that if you've not got a telly you are either a liar(and thus a criminal in their eyes-as their letter says "we will interview you 7under caution" will you now,you try it,who do you think you are the fucking police?),or insane,as,everyone knows that to be human you need a TV to receive your instructions on how to live.OBEY,CONFORM,CONSUME,OBEY,CONFORM,CONSUME.And so on and on until inevitable death.They complain about how the youth of today behave,but when the only examples of 'reasonable' behaviour for most of these kids is the utter drivel on the TV soaps,the trashy superficial magazines pushing consumer trash and stereotypes,the idolisation of the most useless and brain dead of societies dross(i.e. 'celebrities') and in some notable cases the cartoon lifes of yankee gangsta rappers,then what else do they expect from hese

I've never been a fan of Liz Hurley. Yes, yes, she's beautiful, but she walks like Graham Norton and talks like Prince Philip – not an attractive combination.

"Israel's population has grown by over 20% in the last ten years. Meanwhile, the Palestinian population is exploding."
ALAN JOHNSTONE, BBC World Service

*i.e the God of the Old Testament/of Abraham

IF YOU WERE MIDDLE CLASS, YOU'D BE MASSIVE...

'...but as you're working class, no-one takes you seriously.'

That was publisher Peter Day, of Allison&Busby, explaining to Jack Trevor Story why he was the best writer of his generation, and also one of the most neglected. This despite his first novel, 'The Trouble With Harry' (1949) being bought by Hitchcock and adapted for the screen in 1955. This despite a ten year tenure as a Guardian columnist (1969-79) and a networked TV series ('Jack On The Box') during which his sales figures went down. In fact, Jack used to boast that he bankrupted more publishers that any other living author. Michael Butterworth of Savoy would agree: they published six of Jack's books - including a book of the Guardian stuff cunningly titled 'Jack On The Box' - to tie-in with the series. They sold less than 2,000 of each, and went broke. Mike's still paying off the creditors...

So who was Jack Trevor Story, and why the fuck should you care? He was born in 1917 in East Anglia, his father dead before he was a year old, killed in the trenches. He worked as a butcher for a while, and later achieved the literary equivalent editing and writing a series of horror comics to cash in on the EC scandal of the fifties, working from a dive of a basement in Bayswater.

He also wrote several entries in the long-running Sexton Blake Library (1893-1970). Many an edition of 'the office boy's Sherlock Holmes' was a thwarted Story novel where a gas bill caused him to change the hero's name to Tinker (Blake's assistant), change the end, and flog it to Fleetway at a cut-price. He wrote movies and TV scripts, and a string of novels that are funny, human and humane, and say more about the human condition than any middle-class Oxbridge hack like Amis (father and son), Bradbury, Lodge, or Iris Murdoch (is it me, or was alzeheimers a relief for the average reader?) could ever dream.

Despite all this, Jack had a string of wives and girlfriends (his first wife was a western writer who'd never been further west that Hemel Hempstead - you couldn't make this up, could you?) complete with armies of kids that bled him dry. He spent most of his life in bed-sits, and died penniless in 1991, running a farm museum in Milton Keynes. He had a few books in reprint, and despite Peter Day trying again with 1990's 'Albert Rides Again', and some failed self-publishing (Jack as a businessman? He was a thrice-discharged bankrupt who once told a judge: 'You know how it is, £20 or £2000, it all lasts a week to a fortnight'), he was largely forgotten.



Me in the Home Guard.

Which is a shame, as his books have real people, living real lives - they should, the money and wife juggling writer Horace Spurgeon Fenton of 'I Sit In Hangar Lane' and 'One Last Mad Embrace', and all the people he knows, are basically Jack and his life - and existing in a working class environment during the fifties, sixties and seventies.

The problem is, most 'working class' writers have sought to escape their roots, and their books are laboured, angry, and anguished. The middle-class critics love this - the kitchen-sink 'it's grim up north' clichés of the sixties proving that the working classes are proud and noble in their poverty. What crap! In Jack's world - from Milton Keynes to Norwich and down to the tip of the North Circular - they're poor but lusty, having fun and getting by, getting one over. They live lives, and they know what their priorities are: they know the enemy, and will happily screw over the rich given half a chance. But not at the expense of their own lust for life.

Y'see, because the hardcover world of the literary establishment is a mix of middle-class money and middle-class academia, most working class fiction is confined to the areas of the paperback, and thus the ephemeral. Academics like the Leavis's (FR & Queenie) and CS Lewis (loathsome right-wing Christian apologist, like his colleague JRR Tolkein) cannot distinguish between form and function. All writing should have meaning and subtext: they were genuinely baffled that people should want to read purely for entertainment. This was the main function of books for the working classes in the paperback boom post-WWII. Therefore, all working class paperback writing was bad.

Well, no - some of it was, just as some hardback lit fiction is awful. But most working class writers sought to earn a living from the fast turn-over world of paperbacks, and so even those with something to say were marginalised by the establishment because they worked in a form where all was automatically dismissed as rubbish. The fact that hardcover writers generally were academics or people who were part-time writers (popular middle-class novelists of the period like Nevil Shute and Nigel Balchin were businessmen who wrote as a hobby) was a matter of class-based economics, not talent or having anything worthwhile to say.

Of course, it didn't help that Jack was a master of the art of throwaway. Meaningful writing, thanks to Leavis& Leavis, was supposed to be heavy: you knew you were being educated. Whereas Jack - who took his writing seriously for himself - realised that sometimes people get it, sometimes they don't. And if you keep 'em turning the page, then they might get it even if they don't realise it!

In his introduction to Michael Moorcock's 'The Russian Intelligence' (Moorcock was a friend and supporter of Jack - check the Savoy Books web-page for his wonderful obit of Jack), Jack explains throwaway: it all happens at the edges, plot isn't really important, it just gives the people a way to get from point A to point B. This is what keeps us all going! The people and what they say is what matters.

Early comedy-thrillers like 'Mix Me A Person' and 'Man Pinches Bottom' gave way to the Albert Argyle trilogy - 'Live Now, Pay Later', 'Something For Nothing', and 'The Urban District Lover' - which detail the lives and scams of the working classes as they cope with the sixties and hire-purchase culture through the eyes of tallyman Albert, who has his own scams going but always falls foul of his humanity, turning up a fortune to do the right thing (even though he'll kick himself for it later). In the same way that films of popular music hall acts from the thirties show us the social mores and everyday lives of the working class more than any social history tract, so these books do so much more than Barstow, Sillitoe, and Storey could ever dream. And infinitely more than the likes of Kingsley Amis and Malcolm Bradbury, with their wet dreams of aspiring academia and 'classlessness'.



Every picture tells a Story!

But still, Jack faced the same problem as his friend Moorcock: as writers, they were no longer of the class they were born into in the sense that they were now - in a classically Marxist sense - petit bourgeois. But whereas Moorcock (the well-intentioned anarchist) has agonized on this in print for years, Jack just shrugged and figured he was still poor, he could just screw some middle-class women as well as working-class ones...

Which is the better solution? I leave it to you.

Jack's fiction changed after 1969. Shortly before Christmas, he was driving home from visiting Moorcock along with his then girlfriend Maggie (the story of their affair looms large over his later output). Creeping over a red light on Hampstead Hill at one in the morning, he was stopped by four policemen... hours later, he was released from questioning with a broken foot, Maggie with multiple bruises and broken ribs. He wasn't charged. When he tried to take the police to court, he discovered that he had to pay a minimum of £1000 into court before action could begin, that the complaint would be investigated by the very station that was responsible for his injuries, and that he didn't stand a chance as - his brief told him - 'the police are professional liars; they write theirs down'. The Guardian refused to publish his articles about the events, for fear of libel action.

Suddenly, although the protagonists were still the same people, the tone of the novels changed. As Jack's world became less secure, so did the confines of his fiction: narratives became less important, although the strength of the characters still made them compelling reading. Dream logic took sway, conventional shackles were removed, and the prose took flight. In the next twenty years, his work stood head and shoulders above any other living novelist - but he was Jack the thriller writer, Jack the paperback man, Jack the Sexton Blake and Dr Who hack... so the novels were ignored.

But first there were scores to settle: 'Little Dog's Day' is a fable about a man looking for his poodle in a world where everyone over forty disappears. It's not until the end that you realise this is the scrambled dream of a dying man, beaten by police. The novel is dedicated by name and rank to the policemen who beat on him and Maggie that night in 1969. Draw your own conclusions.

'The Wind In the Snottygobble Tree' is about a travel agent who amuses himself by making fake spy packages for his customers to take abroad and deliver to fictitious addresses... until someone tries to kill him, his girlfriend becomes a terrorist, and he's hunted by Kafka-esque policemen. Moorcock serialised this in New Worlds, along with photographs of Jack and Maggie bruised and on crutches. Draw your own...

Then came 'Up River', later retitled 'Screwrape Lettuce' - which is exactly what it's about. A strain of lettuce that gives a permanent erection (it drops off with gangrene if it stays hard for 24 hours, apparently) is developed and fed to policemen who then go on the rampage. Along the way, the 'hero' is an autistic female solicitor (based on his autistic daughter Laurel) who wants to get some lettuce for her impotent father. This is what keeps us going...

By the time of 'Albert Rides Again', the last published work, narrative is out the window. Characters from the past like Albert Argyll, Tres (his boss' ex-wife and also Horace's), Horace Spurgeon Fenton, Albert the milkman and film producer, and Claude Marchmont (the travel agent from '...Snottygobble' and newly-recruited tallyman of this book) come together and move across a surreal no-plot narrative that eschews storyline for character. These are real, warm, working people. Who needs plot?

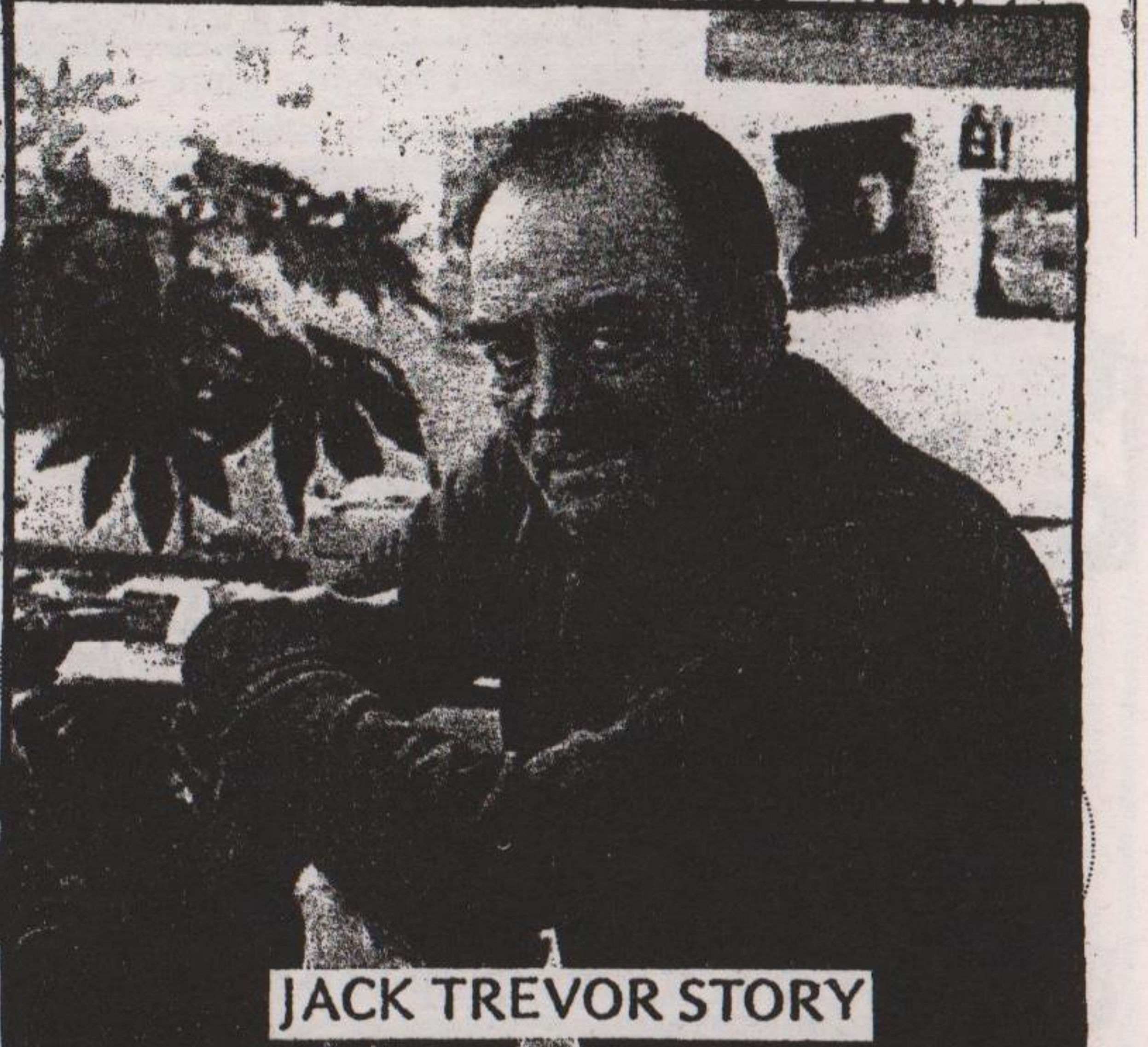
But the clearest, concisest statement of Jack's worldview comes from pre-1969. It's a Sexton Blake title in which Blake hardly features - another bill to be paid, no doubt - and is called 'Company Of Bandits'. Arthur Wragg forms a company of people who have, like him, fallen foul of the cost of living. He recruits them from small-claims and bankruptcy court. Ordinary working class people who all have one small function to play in a scheme that see them rob the Royal Mail of £2,000,000 - worth much more in 1967 than it is now.

But when they have the money, they find it's empty: it was striking back at the machine that was important. At this point, Blake tracks them down, reaching them just ahead of the police. However, there is no standard crime fiction dénouement here: Wragg gives himself up to the police (a willing sacrifice for the overall good, as his wife and child are dead, and he has nothing he wants to live for), but not before he and Blake have made sure that the others are untraceable, and that the money will not be returned. Instead, small sums are donated over a period of months to a wide variety of causes, until the money has been used to try and do as much good as possible.

Naïve? Perhaps, but it was the only time that Sexton Blake ever knowingly broke laws in seventy seven years. And it was only a humanist like Jack Trevor Story who could make him.

Working class writers are either ignored, or have to be worthy. Jack couldn't have hacked worthy if you paid him - he just didn't know how. So he was ignored. But his work tells you more about the working class in the second half of the twentieth century than any other writer. And it's readable, too.

Anyway, if he wanted to be famous, would did he call himself Trevor?



JACK TREVOR STORY

LEFT for DEAD

The Hastings three piece Left for Dead has been rockin' our world here at M.P.A.T.A for a couple of years now. We managed to get a quick word with them using the wonderful world of e-mail and also after the band had played at a No Sweat an anti Nike benefit gig up at the Tottenham Swan.

1 / PLEASE INTRODUCE YOURSELVES AND GIVE US A SHORT BAND HISTORY:

Hello we're left for dead and we formed in 1998,at that time the band members were Gam..vocals, Simon..guitar,backing vocals, Shane..drums and Les..bass. After two gigs we parted company with Gam becoming a three piece with Simon taking over the vocals as well as playing guitar. Last year after a little tour of Germany we said goodbye to Shane who was replaced earlier this year by Loz making the present line up complete.

2 / HAVE ANY OF YOU BEEN IN ANY OTHER BANDS:

Simon played in two other bands called Devastation and Truncheon Meat Squad. Loz is currently in another band called Weazel and has played in many others in the past.Les had never played with anyone before, except himself with the curtains drawn.

3 / IS THERE MUCH OF A SCENE IN HASTINGS OR DO YOU END UP TRAVELLING INTO BRIGHTON OR UP TO LONDON:

There are a handful of old die hard punks left in Hastings but if you want to see any punk bands then it's off to Brighton, London or beyond.

4 / YOUR LYRICS ARE VERY POLITICAL, HOW IMPORTANT TO YOU IS POLITICS IN PUNK AND ARE THE TWO LINKED:

Simon : On a personal level as the song writer politics are important to me on a emotional level because most of my lyrics are a reaction to what pisses me off and what i feel strongly about. On another level i understand that punk means a lot of things to a lot of people and there's room for all of us. Basically live your own life and respect other people. Lyrics are always supplied for those who give a shit.

5 / A COUPLE OF YOU NOW HAVE FAMILIES, HAS THAT MADE YOU CHANGE ANY OF YOUR VIEWS AS YOU GET OLDER:

Les : Since becoming a dad i tend to worry more about what's going on in the world and what a shithole the planet is becoming were as before i didn't care much about anything unless it was in a bottle or a pint glass.

Simon : Becoming a dad made me mature a lot mentally [i hope] in as much as my universe no longer revolves around just me but my children as well and when i'm gone they're still going to be here, so yes it does make you think about things more i.e.. Ecology and politics etc and to analyse things more thoroughly.

6 / DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT YOU ARE JUST PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED AT GIGS AND WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPREAD THE LEFT FOR DEAD WORD TO MORE PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE PUNK SCENE:

I don't think we ever feel like we're playing to the converted all the time, more often than not after a gig people who have just seen us for the first time will come and have a chat.... there's always someone new at a gig isn't there? and if people away from the punk scene who don't particularly like the music get to hear or read the lyrics and it makes them think about various subjects then even better. We just like playing live and as long as people feel like they want to come and see us and jump about then we're happy.

7 / HOW DO YOU SEE THE PUNK SCENE NOW IS IT HEATHLY OR STUCK IN A RUT:

I think the punk scene is very healthy at the present time there's still a few of the old bands WHO

NEVER STOPPED PLAYING and doing the rounds e.g. the one and only U.K. SUBS and just take a look at the hundreds and hundreds of bands on the d.i.y underground scene, all the fanzines, distro's, organisations and all the other people doing their bit to support the scene...nice one, up the punx!

8 / WHAT INFLUENCES MUSICALLY AND OR POLITICALLY ARE IMPORTANT TO YOU, WHAT OTHER BANDS OR MUSIC DO YOU LIKE:

Les : Pinky and Perky then the eighty's arrived with Discharge, The Exploited, G.B.H. etc. Bands I'm into today among others are Sick On The Bus, The Restarts, Road Rage and Airbomb.

Simon : Stiff Little Fingers. Bands i'm into today are La Fraction and Post Regiment to name but a few.

Loz : Drummers who influenced me were Jon Bonham and Bill Bruford. Bands i'm into today are Pantera and Fear Factory.

9 / WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PISTOLS REFORMING AND DO WE STILL NEED THE SEX PISTOLS

The Pistols reforming, well that's up to them isn't it but to turn into something you once despised is very sad indeed.

10 / DO WE STILL NEED CONFLICT AND ARE THEY STILL THE STANDARD BEARERS FOR ANARCHO PUNKS EVERYWHERE:

Used to listen to them and used to believe they were sincere in what they said but not anymore....... and that's the end of that.

11 / YOU HAVE HAD A COUPLE OF RELEASES ON YOUR OWN LABEL, IS THAT IMPORTANT TO YOU OR WAS IT THE EASIEST WAY TO GET STUFF RELEASED:

Simon: To be honest it was the only way to get our stuff released and although that even now we've got a couple of smaller labels doing releases for us i feel sure we will always stay true to the d.i.y ethic.

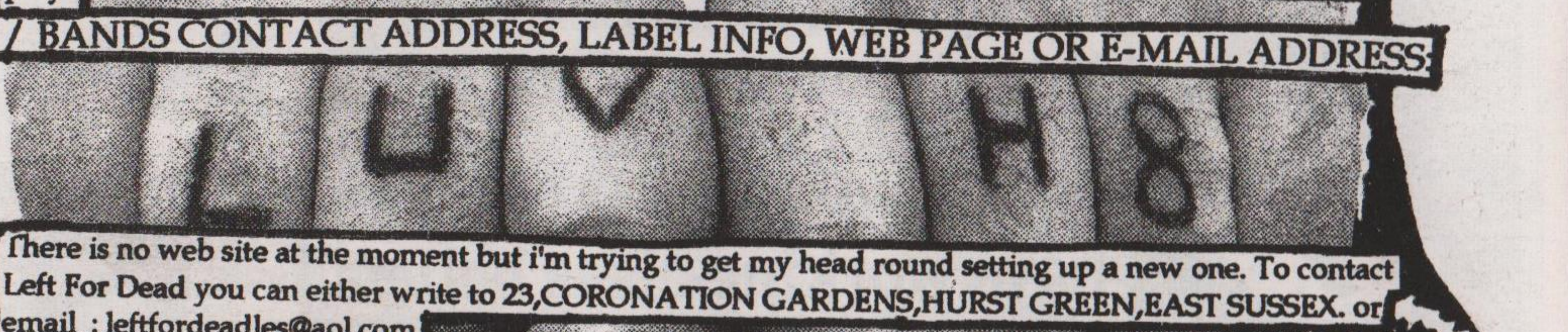
12 / WHATS COMING UP IN THE FUTURE OF LEFT FOR DEAD:

We have a four track c.d titled "Fuck Your Authority" being released soon on Dead Records, the same four tracks are also being released for us as a7" single by Gas Records in Germany also there is a live recording taken from a gig at The LORD Cecil in September 7th 2001 featuring Social Insecurity, Left For Dead and Zemezluc this is being done by a label in the Czech republic.

13 / IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY:

Thanks for the interview and a big thanks to everyone who has helped us out and who comes to see us play.

14 / BANDS CONTACT ADDRESS, LABEL INFO, WEB PAGE OR E-MAIL ADDRESS:



There is no web site at the moment but i'm trying to get my head round setting up a new one. To contact Left For Dead you can either write to 23,CORONATION GARDENS,HURST GREEN,EAST SUSSEX. or email : leftfordeadles@aol.com

The two split singles the first with Infect and the second release with the Restarts can be picked up from the same address. Left For Dead will have a new four track 7" out soon and I've heard the tracks and it's all good stuff. And as Left for Dead say.... DON'T LET ANY FUCKER TELL YOU WHAT PUNK IS, THINK FOR YOURSELF. They are an excellent band, good people and well worth checking out if you get the chance.

Teenage gangs hunted after 35 cars wrecked

MARAUDING teenage gangs vandalised 35 luxury cars in a series of "mindless" attacks last week.

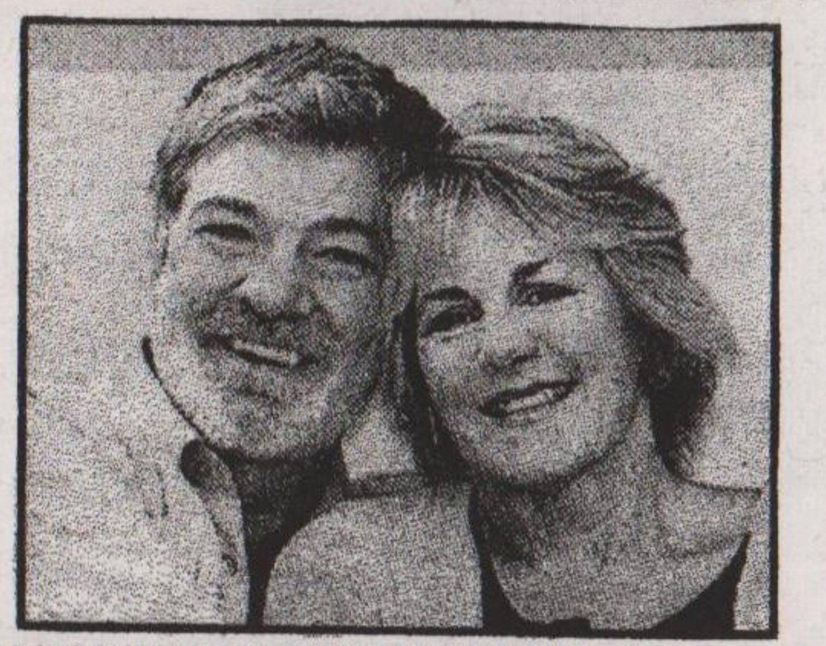
In the worst, early on Friday at Devonport apartments, Southwick Street, Paddington, all 21 cars in the underground garage were vandalised.

Damage estimated at many thousands of pounds was caused to 35 mainly Porsche, Rolls Royce, Jaguar, Mercedes and BMW cars.

Paddington police Inspector Richard Graham said: "We believe these attacks have been carried out by children. It was simply mindless vandalism on a grand scale."

Eight cars were looted at Rossmore Road, Marylebone and six wrecked and daubed with paint at Alma Square, St John's Wood.

Contact Det Sgt Mike Dillon on 071 321 9593.



"TONIGHT MATTHEW I'M GOING TO BE WATTIE OF THE EXPLOITED"

Working class on march

MORE Britons feel working class and proud of it – as increasing numbers get middle-class jobs.

Sixty eight per cent of us now FEEL working class, compared to 52 per cent three years ago.

And 55 per cent of those with middle-class jobs have working-class beliefs, says a new study.

Feeling working class is no longer such a sure indicator of backing Labour as it was before, the Mori survey found.

But the party still draws strongest support from those in working-class jobs.

Some people who read my ''How To Form A 'Dis'- Band'' article (and appeared to miss the irony somewhat) have asked if I've written the ''How To Be THE EXPLOITED'' article yet. I never intended to write it, but, just for them here it is anyway. Same shite, different band.

HOW TO BE THE EXPLOITED

OK, this one is more difficult than forming a 'Dis'-Band. There's a lot more imagination needed to recreate their unbelievable stupidity and stunning ignorance.

Here are a few simple ground rules...

THE ARMY.

First you have to join the army to improve your ignorance. DO NOT SKIP THIS VITAL STAGE! You may feel that you are thick enough already, but the army are the experts. They can help you refine your talent for stupidity. Also, if you don't join the army you won't be able to leave it and write songs about how shit it was.

THE NAME.

You can go two ways on this. You could use a clever name commenting on the manipulative nature of generic music (The Swindles? The Plagarists?), but considering the average intelligence of your target audience this is probably unwise. You're better off just using a word with an X in it. They'll understand... (Xylophone, Xenophobia, etc.)

THE SOUND!

This is not really important as long as it's dull, repetitive and uninventive. Try to get the bass player to play a different tune to the guitarist. The lyrics are equally unimportant as no-one will hear them, but try to keep them pointless and unpleasant. Anything mysoginist will do. And, of course, how shit the army is...

Wa
Gary
Big John
Dru Stix

THE IMAGE

Mohicans, of course. Being either fat or ugly is good. Tartan bondage keks are optional.For the record covers, pictures of soldiers and graveyards are probably best though you could go for the old skull with a mohican if you like.

THE END

Well done! If you have followed the rules you should now have a fucking awful, offensive band. You are now ready to milk the punk revival by playing every shite reunion festival for inflated entry prices. You are EXPLOITED (or XYLOPHONE!)...

Next time: How to be THE SUBHUMANS!

The Politics of Student Poverty or The Poverty of Student Politics?

"...the student is the most universally despised creature in France, apart from the policeman."
On The Poverty Of Student Life (Strasbourg 1966).

Every year in the autumn we witness the annual round of student demonstrations. And every year these demonstrations fail to achieve their demands. But what is it we are demanding? And who are we demanding it from?

We shout slogans demanding "education for the masses" but do we really mean it? After all what is the University and what role does it play in society?

University isn't about "learning" it is primarily about the training of managers and proffesionals to be more effective in exploiting workers and running capitalism. Mmm, nice.

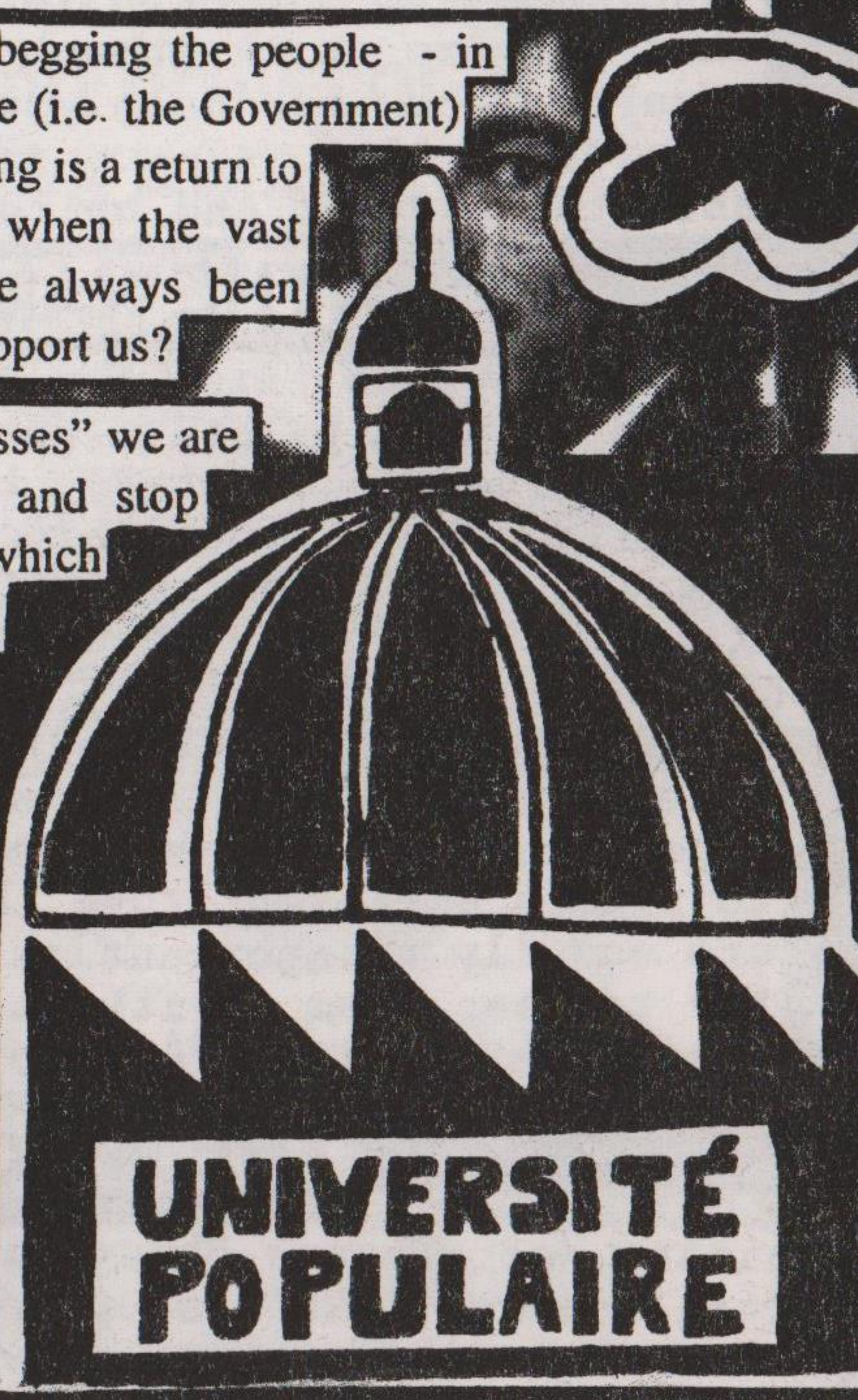
During the 1960's and 70's education for the sake of learning started to creep onto the agenda, however the wrath of the 1980's (aided by good old, or should that be "new"?, Mr Blair) has placed education firmly back where it should be in Capitalist society - serving the economy....Ever wondered why it's so hard to get funding for Arts courses?

Does it really make sense to be demanding/begging the people - in whose interests changes to education are made (i.e. the Government) - to change it back? And if all we are demanding is a return to the old status quo should we be surprised when the vast majority of working class people who have always been excluded from the University system don't support us?

If we are serious about "education for the masses" we are going to have to ditch the empty slogans and stop defending a rotten, elitist education system which (at very best) can only be an academic clique.

The alternative? A Free University! Open to the entire community regardless of wealth, age or academic ability. Of, by and for the working class. without fees, exams or hierarchies. Education based on needs and desires rather than industry and profit. A good start might be to open up lectures and the library to everyone, student or not.

It's up to you....no one else is going to do it.



Around 1511, some Portuguese sailors found a big island north of Australia. It never occurred to them that it might already have a name, so they called it New Guinea. They wandered off shortly afterwards, as explorers will. In 1700 the Dutch arrived, and they weren't quite as laid back. They invaded and started plundering. The British and Germans dived in soon after, and that's how it all came to be divided up.

Rich gits of varying western nationalities spent the next few hundred years arguing over lines on maps, until 1969, when the OPM (Free Papua Movement) started kickin up shit. This was a reaction to the 1963 invasion of West Papua by Indonesia, which stopped the independence process, Indonesia promised to give independence, but of course this was bollocks. They killed some 300,000 people at least and are still killing anyone who opposes them, with help from the West, particularly the US and Britain. Despite the mass murder, tribal people continue to resist the destruction of their homeland, race and cultures.

OPM SG (Brighton),
43 Gardner Street,
Brighton, BN1 1UN



PISSHEAD PUNKS PISS-OFF

Pisshead punks permanently pissed
pouting, prancing, plastic prats
pulling, pushing, punching, puking
parasites, parrots, puppets, peacocks, pawns,
posh pitiful petulant plague
phoney poverty pretense, pretentious prison,
pariahs passive pedestrian
pointless pastimes pervade
preventing positive progress
partisan politics?
people power?
Punk proclaimed, provoked, plotted, protested
pathetic press poison,
police patrols,
pampered politicians
phoney pop parades
potentially paralysed,
Pity pisshead punks preferred:
poncing pints, posing, pretending.
PISSHEAD PUNKS PISS-OFF!

CELEBRITY SCUM

Our debut celebrity scum is Norman Cook (a. k. a. Fatboy Slim). Not only is he nominated for his shite dance records or his gormless wife but also for earlier incantation as bass guitarist in Hull's finest, The Housemartin's. Having all met at university at least half of the band were bound to be posh but Norman took the unusual step of changing his first name from Quentin to Norman because it sounded more working class! Now there's plenty of male names which reduce me to stitches at the "nice but dims" that possess them.....Sebastian, Jeremy etc., but Quentins right up there with Tarquin! He was also recently on the box bragging about his love of punk. His idea of punk must be a bit different to mine as I wasn't brought up in a house worth £500,000. Yet another wanker saying he liked punk because he wants to be seen as being a bit dangerous. Anyway these m/c scum always find each other so it's only just that he ended up marrying possibly the ugliest woman on t.v, Zoe Ball. Well Quentin if ever I get the chance to meet you I'll do to you what the Housemartin's drummer did to that bank.

CROWLEY AS A YOUNG ANARCHIST.

I first met Dave when he was 15 and I've been his friend ever since. Dave was one of, if not the most inspirational Anarchists I have ever known. Dave fought the class struggle, he was involved in Class war and the I. W. W and the ABC.

Dave organised many actions especially with prisoners, he was always at the forefront of anarchist activity. He was not scared to break the law and had a dynamic attitude to everything he was involved in. Dave's involvement and contribution to the poll tax, anti war protests, prisoner surrport, the miners strike, anti fascism will be greatly missed. Dave never sat in an armchair criticizing the actions of others and not doing anything himself. He got up and fought for what he believed in. He created things out of virtually nothing.

Dave was in my eyes an 'unknown hero' and I felt a great loss with his death. But when tears turn to hatred and resistance our enemies will be dealt the justice they deserve. Dave died in Abyrstwth alone of a brain haemorrage he was barely 30 when it happened. So here's to 30 years that shook the city. 30 years of sheer drunk punk revolutionary mayhem. His integrity and passion will be remembered always. When the tabloids bleat on about there shallow boring celebrities, we count ourselves honoured that we knew a real person a true libertine.

I would like to dedicate this obituary to all inspirational people that Dave loved, or would of loved had he still been alive and especially to his devoted girlfriend Mandy who Dave loved above all else.

P. S. Dave was the only Anarchist I know who set a policeman's trousers alight in a crowded pub!

Catechism of the Revolutionist

"The revolutionary is a dedicated man. He has no interests of his own, no affairs, no feelings, no attachments, no belongings, not even a name. Everything in him is absorbed by a single exclusive interest, a single thought, a single passion - the revolution." Nechayev gives us his thoughts on the preferred character traits of the successful revolutionary: however, sensitivity and open-mindedness were probably not among those which impressed him... this is an interesting read, although extreme and melodramatic, with which modern parallels can be drawn.

following is a reprint of the 'Catechism Of The Revolutionist' by Sergei Nechaev. Its been printed in various forms and also caused untold splits within the anarchist movement since it was written way back in Russia in 1869 when it turned a "movement in waiting into a movement with teeth" and inspired a short lived war against the ruling class. A sobering take on what horrors may be necessary for the abolition of the standing order.

VIOLETTE NOZIERES
Active distribution
A.K. PRESS

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This translation by Hilary Sternberg and Lydia Bott first appeared in 'Daughter of a Revolutionary' published by Alcove Press in 1974.

"Voici le temps des assassins"

Arthur Rimbaud

CATECHISM OF THE REVOLUTIONIST

1869

General Principles of the Organization

(1.) The structure of the organization is based on individual trust.

(2.) The organizer (himself a member) selects five or six persons from amongst his acquaintances and, having held a separate discussion with and secured the consent of each, assembles them together and lays the foundation of a closed cell.

(3.) The mechanism of the organization is concealed from idle eyes, and therefore the whole range of contacts and all the activities of the cell are kept secret from everybody, with the exception of its members and the central cell, to whom the organizer submits a full report on specified dates.

(4.) Members undertake specialized duties in accordance with a definite plan drawn up on the basis of a knowledge of the locality, social class or milieu in which the preparatory work is to be carried out.

(5.) A member of the organization immediately forms in his turn a second-degree cell around himself, in relation to which the previously formed cell assumes the role of a central cell, which all the members of the organization (or, in relation to the second-degree cells, the organizers) supply with the sum total of information obtained through their own cells; this is submitted to the next cell upwards.

(6.) The principle of non-operation by direct methods with regard to all those persons who can be operated upon with equal success indirectly, that is, through other people, must be observed with the utmost scrupulousness.

(7.) The organization's general principle is not to attempt to convince, that is, not to cultivate but to consolidate those forces which are already in evidence, to eliminate all discussions which bear no relation to its aim.

(8.) Members do not ask the organizer questions whose purpose is unconnected with the business of subordinate cells.

(9.) The total frankness of members with the organizer is the basis for the successful progress of the cause.

(10.) Upon the formation of second-category cells, previously organized cells become centres in relation to them, and are supplied with the society's regulations and a definite programme of its activities in the location in which it is situated.

General Principles of the Network of Sections

(1.) The purpose of the sections is to achieve the independence and autonomy of the organization's work and their use as an extra guarantee of the security of the common cause.

(2.) These sections consist initially of two or three persons authorized by the network and with the committee's approval. On the basis of the organization's general principles, they select a group from only those cells which, in the committee's opinion, fulfil their requirements. Contact with the network is maintained through the organizers.

(3.) Persons selected from the cells to membership of a section pledge themselves at the first meeting: *a)* to act concertedly, collectively, in total subordination to the voice of the majority, and to leave the section solely for the purpose of entry into even more intimate ranks, on the instructions of the committee; *b)* at the same time they pledge themselves, in all their relationships with the outside world, to bear in mind only the good of the society.

(4.) Persons are selected to membership of a section only one at a time. When the number reaches six, the section is divided into groups, on the instructions of the committee.

(5.) A person is jointly elected to take charge of clerical work, the compilation of reports, the reception and dispatch of committee members and other agents having a relation to the section as a whole. The same person takes custody of documents and property, and keeps addresses.

(6.) The other members undertake to carry out preparatory work in a particular class or milieu, and select for themselves assistants from amongst persons organized according to the general principles.

(7.) All the persons organized in accordance with the general principles are regarded as and used as a means of or implements for performing the undertakings and achieving the aim of the society. Therefore in any business to be executed by the section, the overall nature of the plan for this business or undertaking must be known only to the section; the persons executing the business must not under any circumstances know its true nature but merely those details, those parts of the business which it has fallen to their lot to perform. In order to arouse their enthusiasm it is vital to represent the nature of the business in a false light.

(8.) Members inform the committee of the plan for an undertaking conceived by them, and only with the committee's consent do they set about implementing it.

(9.) A plan proposed by the committee is implemented immediately. To prevent the committee from making demands in excess of the section's power, a record as strict and accurate as possible is maintained of the state of the section, through its channels of contact with the committee.

(10.) A section may send its members to inspect subordinate cells and dispatch them to fresh places in order to found new organizations.

(11.) The question of financial resources is of prime importance:

a) a direct levy upon members and sympathizers, made on a committee form, with the amount of the donation set out in words;

b) an indirect levy, on plausible pretexts, upon persons of all estates, albeit non-sympathizers;

c) arrangement of concerts, evenings, nominally for different purposes;

d) various enterprises with regard to private individuals; the section is forbidden to use any other more ambitious methods, which are beyond its powers, and only upon the instructions of the committee should the section promote the implementation of any such plan;

e) one-third of the entire receipts is to go to the committee.

(12.) Amongst the conditions necessary for a section to commence its activities are:

a) the formation of dens;

b) infiltration of its clever and practical men into the milieu of peddlers, bakers, etc.;

c) knowledge of the town gossips, prostitutes, and other private [means] of gathering and dissemination of rumours;

d) knowledge of the police and the world of old clerks;

e) establishment of relations with the so-called criminal elements of society;

f) influence over high-ranking persons through their womenfolk;

g) continual propaganda by all possible means.

This copy is not to be circulated but kept in the section.

II

Principles by which the Revolutionary Must Be Guided

The Attitude of the Revolutionary towards Himself

(1.) The revolutionary is a dedicated man. He has no interests of his own, no affairs, no feelings, no attachments, no belongings, not even a name. Everything in him is absorbed by a single exclusive interest, a single thought, a single passion—the revolution.

(2.) In the very depths of his being, not only in words but also in deeds, he has broken every tie with the civil order and the entire cultured world, with all its laws, proprieties, social conventions and its ethical rules. He is an implacable enemy of this world, and if he continues to live in it, that is only to destroy it more effectively.

(3.) The revolutionary despises all doctrinairism and has rejected the mundane sciences, leaving them to future generations. He knows of only one science, the science of destruction. To this end, and this end alone, he will study mechanics, physics, chemistry, and perhaps medicine. To this end he will study day and night the living science: people, their characters and circumstances and all the features of the present social order at all possible levels. His sole and constant object is the immediate destruction of this vile order.

(4.) He despises public opinion. He despises and abhors the existing social ethic in all its manifestations and expressions. For him, everything is moral which assists the triumph of revolution. Immoral and criminal is everything which stands in its way.

(5.) The revolutionary is a dedicated man, merciless towards the state and towards the whole of educated and privileged society in general; and he must expect no mercy from them either. Between him and them there exists, declared or undeclared, an unceasing and irreconcilable war for life and death. He must discipline himself to endure torture.

(6.) Hard towards himself, he must be hard towards others also. All the tender and effeminate emotions of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude and even honour must be stifled in him by a cold and single-minded passion for the revolutionary cause. There exists for him only one delight, one consolation, one reward and one gratification—the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one thought, one aim—merciless destruction. In cold-blooded and tireless pursuit of

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

… CONTINUED FROM OVER

this aim, he must be prepared both to die himself and to destroy with his own hands everything that stands in the way of its achievement.

(7.) The nature of the true revolutionary has no place for any romanticism, any sentimentality, rapture or enthusiasm. It has no place either for personal hatred or vengeance. The revolutionary passion, which in him becomes a habitual state of mind, must at every moment be combined with cold calculation. Always and everywhere he must be not what the promptings of his personal inclinations would have him be, but what the general interest of the revolution prescribes.

The Attitude of the Revolutionary towards His Comrades in Revolution

(8.) The revolutionary considers his friend and holds dear only a person who has shown himself in practice to be as much a revolutionary as he himself. The extent of his friendship, devotion and other obligations towards his comrade is determined only by their degree of usefulness in the practical work of total revolutionary destruction.

(9.) The need for solidarity among revolutionaries is self-evident. In it lies the whole strength of revolutionary work. Revolutionary comrades who possess the same degree of revolutionary understanding and passion should, as far as possible, discuss all important matters together and come to unanimous decisions. But in implementing a plan decided upon in this manner, each man should as far as possible rely on himself. In performing a series of destructive actions each man must act for himself and have recourse to the advice and help of his comrades only if this is necessary for the success (of the plan).

(10.) Each comrade should have under him several revolutionaries of the second or third category, that is, comrades who are not completely initiated. He should regard them as portions of a common fund of revolutionary capital, placed at his disposal. He should expend his portion of the capital economically, always attempting to derive the utmost possible benefit from it. Himself he should regard as capital consecrated to the triumph of the revolutionary cause; but as capital which he may not dispose of independently without the consent of the entire company of the fully initiated comrades.

(11.) When a comrade gets into trouble, the revolutionary, in deciding whether he should be rescued or not, must think not in terms of his personal feelings but only of the good of the revolutionary cause. Therefore he must balance, on the one hand, the usefulness of the comrade, and on the other, the amount of revolutionary energy that would necessarily be expended on his deliverance, and must settle for whichever is the weightier consideration.

The Attitude of the Revolutionary towards Society

(12.) The admission of a new member, who has proved himself not by words but by deeds, may be decided upon only by unanimous agreement.

(13.) The revolutionary enters into the world of the state, of class and of so-called culture, and lives in it only because he has faith in its speedy and total destruction. He is not a revolutionary if he feels pity for anything in this world. If he is able to, he must face the annihilation of a situation, of a relationship or of any person who is a part of this world —everything and everyone must be equally odious to him. All the worse for him if he has family, friends and loved ones in this world; he is no revolutionary if they can stay his hand.

(14.) Aiming at merciless destruction the revolutionary can and sometimes even must live within society while pretending to be quite other than what he is. The revolutionary must penetrate everywhere, among all the lowest and the middle classes, into the houses of commerce, the church, the mansions of the rich, the world of the bureaucracy, the military and of literature, the Third Section [the Secret Police] and even the Winter Palace.

(15.) All of this foul society must be split up into several categories: the first category comprises those to be condemned immediately to death. The society should compile a list of these condemned persons in order of the relative harm they may do to the successful progress of the revolutionary cause, and thus in order of their removal.

(16.) In compiling these lists and deciding the order referred to above, the guiding principle must not be the individual acts of villainy committed by the person, nor even by the hatred he provokes among the society or the people. This villainy and hatred, however, may to a certain extent be useful, since they help to incite popular rebellion. The guiding principle must be the measure of service the person's death will necessarily render to the revolutionary cause. Therefore, in the first instance all those must be annihilated who are especially harmful to the revolutionary organization, and whose sudden and violent deaths will also inspire the greatest fear in the government and, by depriving it of its cleverest and most energetic figures, will shatter its strength.

(17.) The second category must consist of those who are granted temporary respite to live, solely in order that their bestial behaviour shall drive the people to inevitable revolt.

(18.) To the third category belong a multitude of high-ranking cattle, or personages distinguished neither for any particular intelligence nor for energy, but who, because of their position, enjoy wealth, connections, influence and power. They must be exploited in every possible fashion and way; they must be enmeshed and confused, and, when we have found out as much as we can about their dirty secrets, we must make them our slaves. Their power, influence, connections, riches and energy thus become an inexhaustible treasure-house and an effective aid to our various enterprises.

(19.) The fourth category consists of politically ambitious persons and liberals of various hues. With them we can conspire according to their own programmes, pretending that we are blindly following them, while in fact we are taking control of them, rooting out all their secrets and compromising them to the utmost, so that they are irreversibly implicated and can be employed to create disorder in the state.

(20.) The fifth category is composed of doctrinaires, conspirators, revolutionaries, all those who are given to idle peroration, whether before audiences or on paper. They must be continually incited and forced into making violent declarations of practical intent, as a result of which the majority of them will vanish without a trace and real revolutionary gain will accrue from a few.

(21.) The sixth, and an important category is that of women. They should be divided into three main types: first, those frivolous, thoughtless, and vapid women who we may use as we use the third and fourth categories of men; second, women who are ardent, gifted, and devoted, but do not belong to us because they have not yet achieved a real, passionless, and practical revolutionary understanding: these must be used like the men of the fifth category; and, finally there are the women who are with us completely, that is, who have been fully initiated and have accepted our programme in its entirety. We should regard these women as the most valuable of our treasures, whose assistance we cannot do without.

The Attitude of our Society towards the People

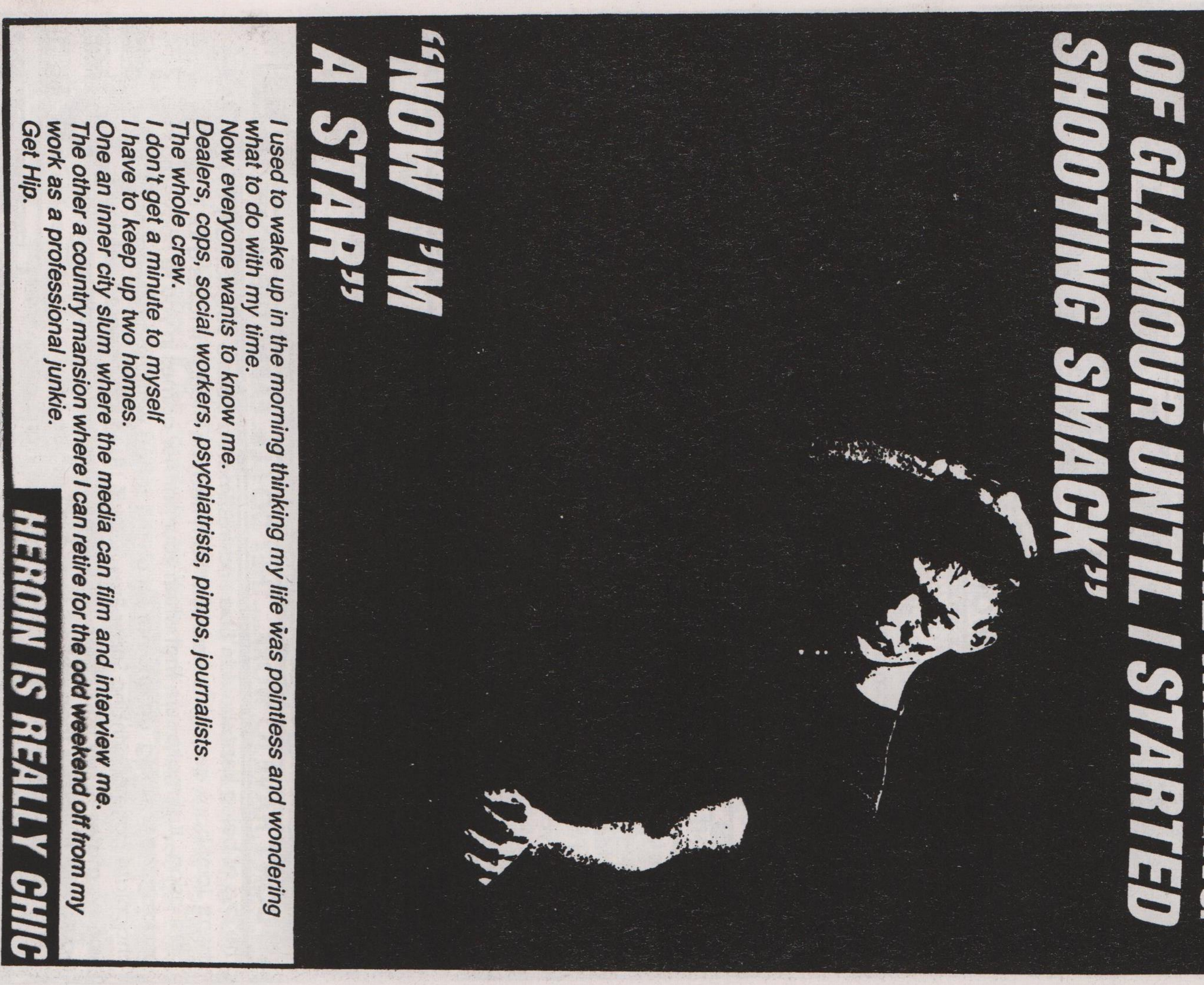
(22.) Our society has only one aim—the total emancipation and happiness of the people, that is, the common labourers. But, convinced that their emancipation and the achievement of this happiness can be realized only by means of an all-destroying popular revolution, our society will employ all its power and all its resources in order to promote an intensification and an increase in those calamities and evils which must finally exhaust the patience of the people and drive it to a popular uprising.

(23.) By "popular revolution" our society does not mean a regulated movement on the classical Western model—a movement which has always been restrained by the notion of property and the traditional social order of so-called civilization and morality, which has until now always confined itself to the overthrow of one political structure merely to substitute another, and has striven thus to create the so-called revolutionary state. The only revolution that can save the people is one that eradicates the entire state system and exterminates all state traditions of the regime and classes in Russia.

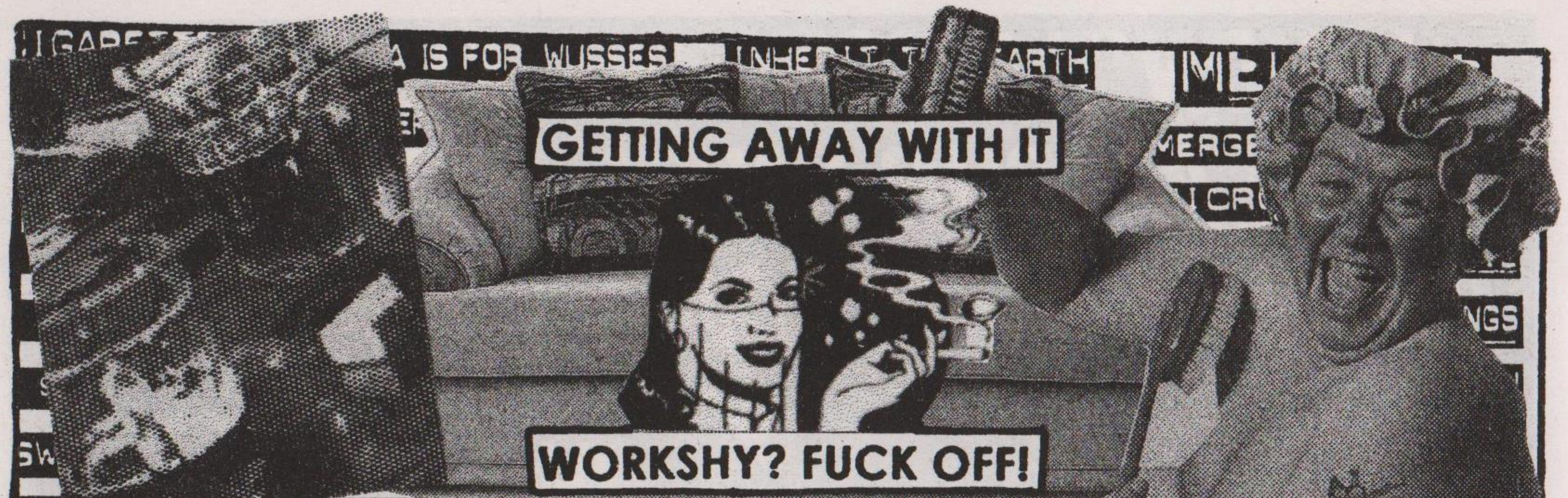
(24.) Therefore our society does not intend to impose on the people any organization from above. Any future organization will undoubtedly take shape through the movement and life of our people, but that is a task for future generations. Our task is terrible, total, universal, merciless destruction.

(25.) Therefore, in drawing closer to the people, we must ally ourselves above all with those elements of the popular life which, ever since the very foundation of the state power of Muscovy, have never ceased to protest, not only in words but in deeds, against everything directly or indirectly connected with the state: against the nobility, against the bureaucracy, against the priests, against the world of the [merchant] guilds, and against the tight-fisted peasant profiteer. But [we] shall ally ourselves with the intrepid world of brigands, who are the only true revolutionaries in Russia.

(26.) To knit this world into a single invincible and all-destroying force—this is the purpose of our entire organization, our conspiracy, and our task.



Everybody wants to find a way of making money and getting out of their dead-end jobs. Working class people are all into get-rich-quick schemes, and one of the things I've heard a million times is, 'If I could get away with it, I'd do a bank job.'



It's not that I'm scared of work It's just that I don't want to. Why bother if you can get by on the dole (of course this doesn't count if your still getting pocket money from mummy and daddy). After all I financed this here zine out of giro's....well that and a friend in a good job with a photo copier! You see, there's room for all of us. Think of all the dole staff we employ and the amount of tax we pay on beers and fags. So stick your jobs where the sun don't shine and in solidarity with ms idle brothers and sisters I've come up with 10 entirely reasonable justifications for not bothering to get a job.

1: I MIGHT BE SKINT BUT MY SOCIAL LIFE IS BRILLIANT.

Money is incidental when it comes to a good night out, dontcha know. Brazen use of guest lists and the ever usetul UB40 enable you to go out and stay out too. Just think you can stay up all night and go out whenever you want and all in the safe knowledge that the councils gonna pay your rent. Better still you can go to all those mid week Monday to Thursday night things where beer costs 1p a pint, try and cop off with students and none off your mates will get to see you as they all had to be in bed early to get up for 6:30am.

We've gone TEA POTTY!

2: I HAVE TIME TO DO 'CREATIVE' THINGS.

That you don't is hardly the point. You could do all sorts of things: Learn a foreign language, take up oil painting, write a novel, help out at a charity shop (whoops- no way that's work!). The point is that you could do all these things if you wanted to or you could just do what I do and call watching 'Bewitched' and the 'Gloria Hunniford Show' creative.

3: I DON'T HAVE TO WORK....THEY DO (i.e. EARNS THE MONEY).

The joys of being kept shouldn't be underestimated before you actually try them. Joint bank accounts were sent from heaven though it takes a lot of persuasion. Just make sure that when your partner comes in you're hoovering or doing the washing up and not sat on the settee watching telly eating chocolate cake or drinking Super Brew (9.6 % !!). Much easier to get your working mates to get your drinks. Now remember there actually much more bored with their life's than you but they don't realise what a great time you're having so just let them think whatever they like. Works every time!

4: WORKING AS A SHOP ASSISTANT IS NOT HAVING A JOB.

Prestige shop jobs are exactly the same as working in Kwiksave. Just because it's got a fancy name like 'Sales assistant' at Harvey Nicholls you may as well be working at Peacocks to me because you do exactly the same fucking job as in any shop. Also because you brew the tea/ answer the phone/ carry bags/ open doors at somewhere trendy (i.e. record company, TV company, PR firm) and reckon its a ' foot in the door'- well I'm sorry but that's bollocks. That's just a euphemism for ' I'm a sad fucker with no talent'.

5:THE THOUGHT OF TURNING INTO MY PARENTS HORRIFIES ME.



The rapid approach of middle age is bad enough without inviting the warning signs. why hurry things when the physical symptoms are bad enough. Responsibility goes hand in hand with that dotted line and no doubt it'll cheer your mam and dad up, but it means also the mapping out of your entire life. Not sure about this one meself as alot of my dole life is already spent hoovering (-mam) or watching telly (-Da) ! But as a excuse.... sorry reason, it'll do.

SPEAK THE TRUTH TWENTYNOTHING

6: WHEN PEOPLE GET A ' MARVELLOUS' JOB THEIR CONVERSATION GOES DOWN THE PLUG-HOLE.

STAND TOGETHER



Suddenly the terms ' pension plan', 'tax bracket' and even ' mortgage endowment' mean something to them. Alternatively, there are those who talk about nothing but work and/or people they work with. Like we give a fuck! Stranger still when a group of dolees get together it's a current affairs feast. I suppose it'd have to be, after all we are the only people who watch Newsnight.

LIVING LIKE VEAL UNEMPLOYABLE

7: I'LL GET A JOB WHEN IT'S HANDED TO ME.

For which, read never. Have a flick through the Guardian jobs section every now and then and say in a loud, outraged voice ' I could do that' but never, ever think of applying for one. Anyways the only people who get them are relatives of the boss.

8: I REFUSE TO JUSTIFY MY EXISTENCE BY HOWEVER MANY £'S I EARN.

If you can't be a fully- rounded whole person on the £53.60 a week that our wonderfully benevolent government think we can live on, then what the fuck makes you think things will be different when you've got money coming out you're arse?

9: MY LOVE LIFE HAS BLOSSOMED SINCE NOT WORKING.



You get to spend time with your significant other. Nevermind that after spending hours and hours per day of so- called ' quality time' with them you're going round the bend and beginning to realise what a terrible mistake you've made. At least you've had the chance to figure it out and do something about it. This could also be the only time in your life you get bored with sex so appreciate it while you can.

10: I'M TO SEXY FOR A JOB.

Nuff said!



Life has a habit of smacking you in the face...in issue one we made our grand statement and soon we realised that there is an audience for what we were saying.We wanted to have sex,not verbal masturbation without cumming.Neither drink or drugs was doing it anymore, they'd become boring.Where's the fun preaching to a dominant group of m/c wankers.We wanted the class war.



We are under no illusions.We do need to make it clear though that we are only open to debate with the working class.We have nothing but contempt for the present day anarchist movement and our message to them is don't think you'll ever silence our voice or our anger-the class war continues.

Our views should be well known but we repeat once again, we urge all w/c lackeys to realise that licking the arse of these scum will not serve our emancipation, or yours.Give it a shake and hopefully the genuine ones will wriggle free from the bondage of m/c politics.Why is it that even the alternatives to the system are so steeped in its vile juices?You need to realise that the emancipation of the working class is their task alone...yes, we realise that was a quote fron marx an upper middle class bastard and his sidekick Engels who owned and ran several Victorian factories in Manchester but their comments and observations still hold,to this date,some truth.

UNTITLED



Our experiences make us who and what we are.We started with this with what we had taught ourselves,there was no m/c help or backing and this remains true to this date.Where we stand now is due to our own efforts(often funded by giro's donated by the middle classes-hypocrites?)As long as there is a middle class the working class will suffer.We have come to where we stand now through hard work and pain and we aim to continue .

We should have no shame in admitting that we have been bastards, done crimes against our class-those who never made any mistakes never made anything and all that-no shame in admitting we are angry...no shame in who we are or what we are.The actions of the w/c are often simply a product of the shit they get from m/c people.After all its their system takes you as a kid(whose already suffered enough to qualify being supervised by the nannies of the state),subjects you physical,emotional.sexual,institutionalised abuse and then the m/c of your own generation continue to judge you when you're older...then you're bound to be fucked up...and fucking angry!



We are moralised and expected to be sorry for once having a smack problem,a drink problem,not being able to communicate without the use of violence,being scared to have any sort of sexual relationship...is their any need to go on?Yes,there is.Of course its not only w/c kids that go through years of abuse but maybe theres something in the water supply in suburbia that processes nice little boys and girls while the delinquent spawn off the council estate get sent to the reprocessing plant for not fitting the mould.



All this class stuff gets overlooked and needs to come to the forefront once in a while.There needs to be an alternative to the alternative as that alternative at present seems to consist of the same stuff that keeps the system going.We wont be told off or laughed at for being 'outdated' for perpetuating the 'them and us' notion of society(pretty fucking funny when it comes from a group of people obsessed with the diggers,levellers and luddites.Heros from OUR class not yours).For the first time in too long we have become optimists.Treat the middle class parasites with the contempt they deserve.Celebrate what our class has to offer,a rich culture with a rich history.There are no leaders for the free.

GIG REVIEW- THE PIXIES AT BRIXTON ACADEMY

Looking exactly like what you'd expect a reforming band to look like-older,fatter,balder,skinter!But I never saw the younger,slimmer,hairier Pixies get this kind of reception!Before even a note had been played 4000 pissed up,sentimental,30-somethings(also older,fatter,balder(except me)and wealthier(also except me!)were raising the roof.Few suprises in the set with the opening tracks from 'Trompe Le Monde' their lest popular LP.The encore includes a sludgy,slowed down version of a song played only 10 minutes before but the shock is how vital and thrilling it all seems.Most bands,especially the 'poonck rokker' type only reform for the cashbut unlike them the Pixies sound like they've done it for the thrill and play like they've really missed it.They sell a t-shirt in the hall reading 'PIXIES-SELL OUT'...take it however you like.All 5 gig ssold out and at £25 a ticket reforming for the thrill of it will certainly help pay the mortgage!The rest of the setis largely drawn from 'Doolittle' they sound every bit how we remembered them and how the kiddies hoped they'd be.The Pixies sound has been copie and stolen by countless inferior bands but for 85 minutes the Pixies were once again the best band on the planet.SURE ITS NOSTALGIA,'School Disco' for those too cool to dress up as knobs but I never felt this good watching a reformed 70's punk band chugging away with 1 original member with pound signs in their eyes.Just call me anarcho-indie!

PSYCHO FISH VIDEO COMPILATION

2 hours,17 bands of quality live recorded punk and Oi!This video has agreat mix of stuff with tracks from the mighty Runnin Riot,999Foreign Legion,Age Of Chaos but also the over-rated, the overpaid and the overweight(you'll have to buy it to get who I mean...and it is obvious)but its well worth getting just to sit in amazement at how shockingly awful Toxic Slut are.Wonder what the message behind playing in your knickers is...that hopefully we wont notice how shit the music is.Put some clothes on and go and make me a cup of tea...4 sugars.Icons Of Filth do a couple of songs with sadly deceased Stig.I recommend it as I was at loads of the gigs featured on the tape.Comes with a colour cover,£7(chq to 'R.DUKE') from Psycho Fish,59 Thriftfield,Fletcherway,Hemel

DRUGS: A SOLUTION?

One of the greatest concerns involving our communities today, if not the greatest, involves the threat caused by the use and abuse of drugs, recreational or otherwise. Entire communities have been plunged into fear because of the antisocial behaviour of those whose drug habits have caused them to thieve from those around them to feed their cravings.

It is not my intention here to argue as to the social causes or otherwise of drug abuse, nor to argue that the addict is not suffering from a sickness no less real than any other illness, excepting that in this case it is self inflicted: nobody forces anyone to stick a needle up their arms. Nor is it only 'stupid' people who end up with a habit, as I have known some very intelligent people on junk, and to this day I cannot understand what possessed them to take the stuff in the first place.

The plain fact is that drug addiction, and heroin addiction in particular, is ruining working class communities like a plague and something radical has to be done to find a lasting solution to the problem. No matter what legislation is passed or however much money is poured into suppressing drug abuse the misery not only continues but grows. Street crime is on the increase, houses are burgled, cars broken into for stereos that are not even worth the price of the window repair, and people mugged in the street for pence, old people afraid to walk the streets after dark. These facts, which we all know from experience, should be enough to prove that all the policing and laws in the world cannot and will not bring and end this social blight, and to cap it all, in Afghanistan, now that our glorious leaders have vanquished the 'evil Taliban' the new opium crop is alleged to be many times its previous size and is set to be heading for our streets in the not too distant future.

What solution can we offer? A solution that was first proposed as far back as the nineteen twenties, which in its simple for is just to give the drugs to those who want them for free. This is not a ridiculous as it first sounds.

Firstly, the government (with our tax money) buys the opium at source from those

who farm it and will grow it anyway regardless of any threats, and supplies it the drug addict (the consumer) via special centres. This immediately cuts out those criminals who buy and import this drug cash crop and also cuts out the pushers at street level. After all, why buy from a pusher what you can get free? It puts the government in control of, not only supply, but also the quality, thus cutting out needless deaths from adulterated 'junk'. All needles would have to be returned for safe disposal as a part of the deal, cutting out the very real risks of anyone, particularly children, injuring themselves on discarded needles. By supplying drugs free to those who require them we not only control and regulate the supply, we know who uses them and all centres would have rehabilitation schemes on hand for those who wanted to get of their habit. For me, the most important effect would be that removal of any excuse for those who rob from their communities to feed their addiction. I has been estimated that a vast amount of street crime and theft comes down to drugs, when the drugs are supplied free there will be no excuses and any 'junkie' caught robbing would then be open to be dealt with the severest possible penalties. The same would apply to those who for whatever reason refused to use the system and preferred to buy from old style pushers – should any still exist.

At the same time as this scheme comes into operation a massive publicity campaign would be put into effect, not only explaining the reasons behind it, but to fully explain the effects of drug addiction in the harshest forms, but also to show in no uncertain terms how bloody stupid and degrading drug addiction is. We remove forever the ridiculous image, the mystique that somehow the junkie is some sort of rebellious outsider and show people, particularly our children, that drug addiction is far from being romantic but an illness, to be pitied, and avoided at all cost. If we have to ridicule the addict then so be it, because at the end of the day, those who rob from their communities to feed their vile habit are the lowest kind of vermin. I will reserve my pity for those who deserve it.

The cost of the supply of drugs to users is, in my opinion, offset by the cost of higher insurance premiums for houses and cars, and more pertinently, by the costs incurred by burglaries, street robbery and most certainly by the social misery and fear that crime associated with drug abuse has caused. Any charge that it would be promoting or encouraging drug use would be shown as absurd by the campaign of vilification of heroin abuse, the portrayal of the drug addict as a pathetic figure that no one would aspire to emulating, and the promotion of rehab centres, and also by the fact that by its nature, there will always be a percentage of people attracted to addiction, whether it be an addiction to drugs, alcohol or gambling.

There are a few obvious reasons why such a solution will not be considered by our glorious leaders: firstly their hypocritical 'moral' outrage, that they cannot be seen to be promoting and pushing drugs (not that it ever stopped the British government from pushing opium to the Chinese a couple of centuries ago), which is based on a corrupt religious moral code that is only ever brought to light when it suits their interests. It could also be argued that the government support various wealthy pharmaceutical companies who push a variety of harmful drugs on the public. Secondly the cost: Apart from the fact that our governments, be they left or right, can always find money (our tax money remember) to pay for their latest pay rises, pension perks and wars in countries that don't concern us, as stated above, any cost would be minimal compared to the social cost incurred at the present… but then again, it's our communities being robbed and terrorised, and not the posh and privately patrolled estates where our rulers live. Which brings us to the third reason: they'll only be interested in a proper solution when they themselves start to hurt. I.e. Get burgled.

The above is not original and was put forward in 1922 by Errico Malatesta as a possible solution to the increase in cocaine addiction. The arguments put forward then are relevant more so today than ever.

By controlling the supply and quality of drugs:

You cut out the importer, dealer and pusher at all levels. And unless some of our friends in government and business already make money from the illegal importation of addictive drugs they should have no objection?

Control of quality cuts out deaths from adulterated drugs.

By supplying free to those who register (and all drug abusers must register or face severe penalties when caught) you help cut out the street crime and burglaries connected to drug abuse by people stealing to pay for their habits. Basically we would be removing a junkies reason to resort to crime.

By controlling the supply you also encourage the use of new and sterile needles, and the return of those needles which should help to curb the spread of HIV across the population: Junkies do not live in isolation and AIDS/HIV does not care if a junkies partner or one nigh stand is a junkie or not. You are also removing used and possibly infected needles from the community – particularly from public places where children can be at risk when playing.

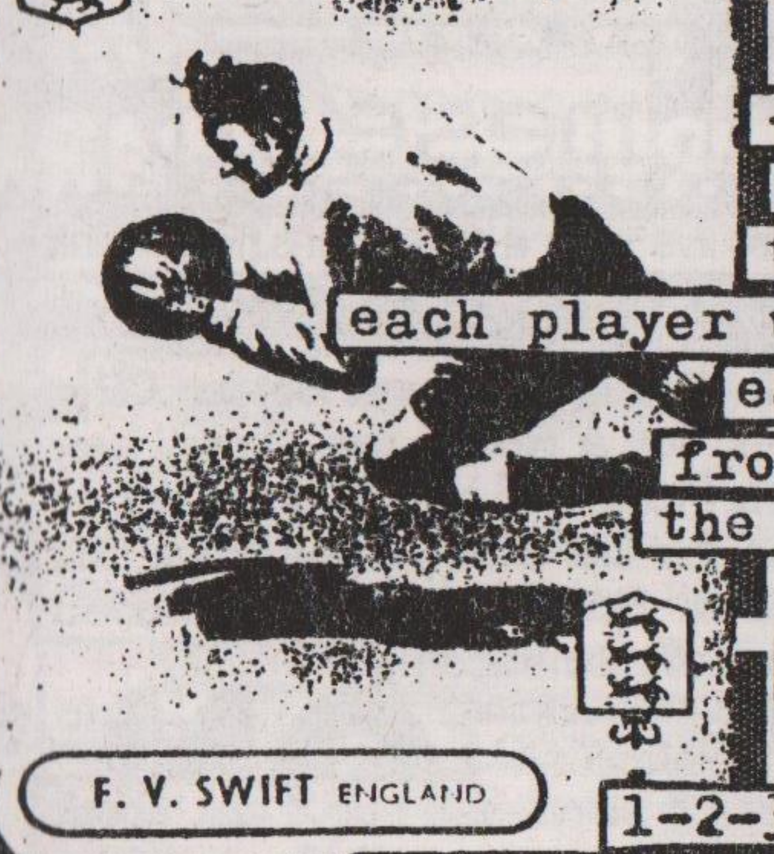
By setting up the centres for the supply of and rehabilitation of drug users and the publicity campaign explaining the programme, you are actively encouraging people not to use these drugs. Rehabilitation schemes would have to be voluntary because, as we have seen from the past, you cannot force people to stop taking drugs.

This should also address the problem that some women are forced into prostitution to pay for their addiction, and that this also would have an effect on the spread of AIDS/HIV via junkie prostitutes to their clients. There is a good argument to be made for the legalisation of prostitution/ brothels regardless of the drug issue.

Legalise, or at the very least decriminalize marijuana, this would immediately release resources to be used to combat other forms of drug abuse or indeed crime in general. The government could also extort tax from the sale of marijuana as it does already from the sale of alcohol and tobacco, which could be used to offset any costs incurred tackling the 'junkie' question. Most people now know that 'Pot' is no more lethal that drinking or smoking tobacco. In fact it could be argued that it is far less of a threat than either drinking and certainly smoking tobacco, which we know leads to cancer but which is still on sale. I.e. being 'pushed' on consumers by the tobacco industry, and how many young kids do I see smoking on the streets these days? Hundreds. If marijuana is not eventually legalised then they should outlaw alcohol and tobacco, anything less makes their fake morality look more ludicrous than it already is.

Lastly, it could be said that the supply of heroin to junkies will lead to more deaths and that the government would be responsible for those deaths. Apart from the fact that governments are regularly responsible for the deaths of their citizens/ subjects, and in a variety of ways. This is would be wrong as a quality controlled supply should lead to fewer deaths not more. But at the end of the day, controlling the supply of drugs is not about doling the drugs out free to grateful 'drug fiends', it is about coming up with a solution to the rising tide of crime in our communities that is a direct result of drug addiction and the need of addicts to get money to feed that addiction. It is not my concern if any more junkies die than do now because of their drug abuse (not that they will), my concern ultimately is not the health of the junkie – we are all free to choose whether or not to take addictive drugs – my concern is the same concern as every other reasonable person, that of making the community in which we all exist a safer place to live.

PLAYING WITH NUMBERS



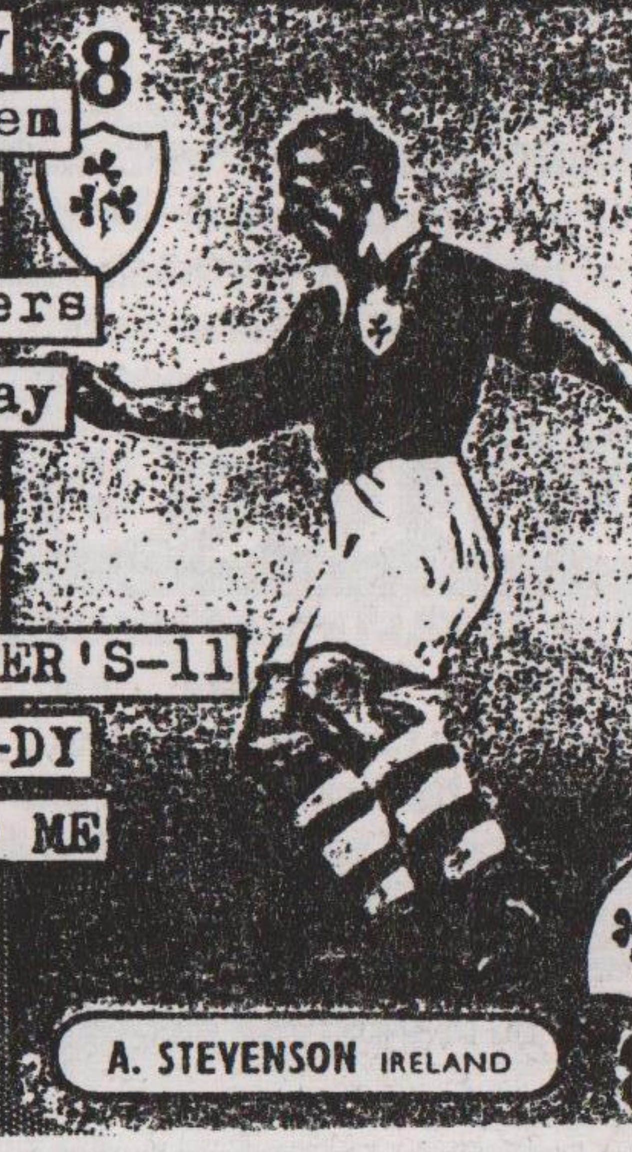


When I was a schoolboy
- and when saturday came -
I stood upon the terraces
to watch The People's Game
each player was perfection each classic shirt delight
each position had its number
from left-back to outside-right
the centre-forward was their flag
number 9 upon his back
the goalie wore a jersey
the referee wore black
1-2-3-4-IT'S-THE-GAME-THAT-WE-ADORE
but football now is opera -the tickets cost the same-
each prima donna player adds millions to his fame
numbers now don't mean a thing
inside-forwards are passé
and centre-halves and wingers all
belong to yesterday
'cause The People's Game got stolen
in a money-making maul
now it's hard to find The People
in the business of football
5-6-7-8-THE-GAME-THAT-WE-AP-PRE-CI-ATE
It's on parks and fields and marshes
that you'll find The People's Game
played by boys and girls and youngmen
with no money to their name
their line-ups follow fashion
their shirt-numbers are awry
but there's no TV to track them
from the golden-vaulted SKY
and the strikers and the sweepers
and the centre-backs still play
the game that I remember
and my dad played in his day
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-AND-THE-WINGER'S-11
F-O-O-T&B-A-L-L-FOR-EV-RY-BO-DY
THE PEOPLE'S GAME FOR YOU AND ME









FOR PAT NEVIN - ONE OF THE FEW PLAYERS WHO STILL PLAYS THE GAME. IN EVERY WAY.

MUSICK STUFF

reviews Steve H and meself

PAX AMERICANA-'Paskat Talteen' .7".
Not ska-core exactly as everyone knows you gotta be under 15 to do -play it and as these are full on crusties!From Finland I saw them a couple of year back but just got this single.Full on with ska and reggae bits with top lyrics,in English and Fin.6songs.(Brew Recs,POB 344,00151 Helsinki,Finland)

BLAGGERS ITA-'Its Up To You'.DVD.
12 songs from probably the best punk band of the 1990's.From their Oi! Days at the George Robey right through to their 'dance' performance at the Reading festival at 1 in the afternoon when all the their punk fans had deserted them.The Blaggers were fantastic though the sound on this is ok the picture is fucking terrible.Matty deserves a better legacy than this.(www insurgance.net)

PUNX RIOT-'Compilation'.LP.
A absolutely beaut picture-disc.Most of the songs have been released before but a great selection of bands with 2 songs each from Detestation,Oi Polloi,Beergut100,Sick On The Bus.Even The Varukers sounded OK on it!

BBP RECORDS.
54 page catalogue with 100's of tapes,records,video's,zines.Virtually a who's-who's of punk.If its ever been released its probably here,and dead cheap too!Send a A5 SSAE.(BPP,POB 45404,London,SE26 6WJ)

MIDDLEGROUND-'Volume 2'.CD.
Great title and cover for this excellent compilation of bands from the midlands.Dogshit Sandwich,Rat Monkey,The Cunts and stacks an stacks more.(Punk Shit Records)

DIK GURU

DIK GURU-'Urban Folk'.CD.
Exactly that!punky folk music from the midlands.Now I live folk but this didn't really grab me to be honest.I liked the political stuff but the funny stuff passed me by.Like a lot of this kind of stuff probably best live with a few beers.(Punk Shit Records)

PAUL CARTER-'Old Enough To Know Better'.CD
His first album and for a review see above.I saw Paul at Derby Punx Picnic and he was great but on CD...well just read the Dik Guru review.(Punk Shit Recs,74 Bristnallhall Rd,Oldbury,West Mids,B68 9TU-punkshitrecords@hotmail.com)

INNER TERRESTRIALS-'X'.CD.
Hard to follow their first release but X just about manages it.12 ska-punk-reggae including a Irishy-folk song about Barry Horne.One of the best live bands around even if they are from the sarf!(Mortarhate Recs)

TANYA DONNELLY-'Beautysleep'.CD.
This aint a punk record and neither is it a punk label(4AD)and Tanya's previous bands(Throwing Muses,Breeders) have all appeared on the 'Top 10 Bands I Must Like At University'list but this is fantastic.Her 1st record in over 5 years and its among the best shes ever featured on.She wrote and recorded this while pregnant and lyrically it's a lot more uplifting thanher usual strangeness.Best songs are the beautiful 'The Night You Saved My Life' and the spooky 'Moonbeam Monkey'.I think happiness suits her!



LARKIN-'Curse Of Our Fathers'.CD.
Lakin star top crusty band Brother Inferior's vocalist Chad but the music is about as far away as you can get!Traditional Irish folk songs in the style of the Pogues or the Dubliners.This is fantastic!'Anywhere St','Ashes',Voice On The Wind' the stand out tracks.Very highly recommende.I hope to I/v these for the next issue.(Larkin,Pob 491,Tulsa,OK 74101,USA)

ISAWS-'Burnt Offering'.CD.
This is a comp of their tape releases from way back in 78 and 79.Proper old-school punk from a band that formed in 1977.If you like that era then this should appeal to you myself I wasn't too fussed,a bit slow for my taste.The cost semms a bit steep too.£9(!) chq to A.NOVAK.(ISAWS,POB 210,Northampton,NN2 6AU)

Problem with doing a zine is that you get sent things to review and cos the zines so irregular you end up lending or losing stuff so a million apologies to anyone who sent anything in for review that hasn't appeared in this issue.It is not personal I promise!I have moved twice since the last issue appeared.Also some of these reviews is music that I recently heard rather than recent music so some of this may be a little old.

GONE TO THE DOGS distro.
Excellent distro that covers just about everything.SAE or IRC for latest list.Updated regularly.Free gift with first order too.I got American Psycho DVD!(Ian, 129 Sturge Avenue,Walthamstow,London,E17 4LF)

"ALL SONGS IS FOLK SONGS-I NEVER HEARD NO HORSE SING 'EM.
-Big Bill Broonzy(1893-1958)

DEAL WITH IT-'Worlds Coming Down'.7".
5 tracks of angry pissed off SxEx hc from Hull with lyrics about the despair of growing up and realising that life is pretty much a crock of shit and such like.This is really god mid paced hard stuff that brings to mind bands like the NYHC bands such as the Cro-Mags when they were good.But this is not a NY copy or a tuff-guy band,they have their own sound which is hard as hell and conjures up a feeling of heavy despair-I love this record.

DOWN AND OUTS/DEATH IS NOT GLAMOROUS-'Split'.7".
Three trax from each, the D&Os have a more polished sound on this recording that brings to mind Leatherface and Hot Water Music that I think really suits them.The third song is an acoustic cover by I think Slaughter And The Dogs as they include Barrett and Rossi in the credits for it,however I never heard this song titled 'Situations' before.It also sounds really good in its own right.Death Is Not...,from Norway,also sound more polished than on their first 7".Their songs of catchy hc remind me of Civ or later Gorilla Biscuits but more innocent sounding.However I prefer their slightly rawer and harder sounding first record.
(split and Deal With It both from Dead And Gone Records,17 Driver Street,Sheffield,South Yorks, S13 9WP.www.deadandgonerecords.com)

JU NE PAIK-'s/t'.LP
Just picked this up but it actually came out a couple of years ago on an English label-www,paradeofspectres.com-but I'm sure they still have copies left.Not sure where the band are from,they may be french-canadian,they certainly bring to mind the great Rorschach influenced canadian bands One Eyed God Prophecy and Uranus but with the sadder more haunting feel of the classic french emo bands particularly Fingerprint.This really grows on you I can't recommend it enough.

DEFCON ZERO

DEFCON ZERO-'Rats'.CD.
Excellent fast-as-fuck hardcore from this hard gigging and good bunch of lads.Intelligent lyrics about all your standard punk/anarcho issues,best of which are the title track and 'Say Something New'.These lot play all the time in London so you'se should definitely make a effort to catch them.(Never Healed Record c/o foeticide carcass@aol.com)

ROADRAGE-'You Cant Purify Bad Blood'.CD.
The first release on Psycho Fish's record label,60/40 Records,and its this lot reformed again after a couple of years missing.14 tracks of quality punk rock from Donnington.Great to have them back and this cheap and cheerful CD does them proper justice!

DEGENERATION-'Fly Me To The Embassy'.CD.
Another release from 60/40.This debut 5 track CD features ex-members of Roadrage and its totally different from them.Melodic but still pretty heavy.(£4 each.60/40 Records,15 Deimos Drive,Highfield,Hemel Hempstead,HP2 5NH)

OI POLLOI

Oi POLLOi-'Pigs For Slaughter-20 Years Of Anarcho-Punk Chaos'.CD.
As is usual with this lot a fantas+ic release.70+ minutes and comes with a free DVD-R of a gig in London(I recognise a ton of people there but can't for the life of me think where it is!).Basically a greatest hits but with a lot of rarities with a excellent booklet giving details of each song.(www.rejected records.org)

DEAD STOP.7"
I thought this record was long sold out but I just picked up a reissue on an american label.This is great 80's style us hc from Belguim,no wonder this band got so popular.Its fast but with great hooks,a little more basic than their really powerful first LP 'Deal With It' but in some ways the better for it.Think a less angry Negative Approach and

A Money Programme investigation into the impact that digital piracy is having on the entertainment industry. Music fans download up to 3.6 billion tracks per month while movie lovers copy half a million movies a day. Music entrepreneur Pete Waterman (right) warns pirates, "The very thing that you're downloading, you'll kill."

'The music business is a cruel and shallow money trench. A long plastic hallway where pimps and thieves run free and good men die like dogs. There is also a negative side.' **Hunter S Thompson**

A THUG smashed a policeman's leg by reversing a car into him yesterday.

JOHNY CASH- 'American IV: The Man Comes Around'
(lost highway records)

When I was a nipper me and me brother use to get dragged reluctantly to the Donny Irish Centre to see middle aged Irish bands in cowboy hats from the likes of Derby singing about the lonesome range and Texas and what like!Since then I have ,surprisingly!, had a soft spot for country'n'western,not the bollocks of Dolly Parton or spangly suits of Nashville but the raw, emotionally charged,fearlessly political music of Johnny Cash,Hank Thompson,Woody Guthrie,Charlie Rich,virtually the whole Sun Records back catalogue etc., which luckily for me my uncles possessed.I always thought country was the closest to punk both lyrically and emotionally and for anyone intrested this LP is as good a place to start as any.Of course if you want to go a bit deeper look out for any of his late 60's/early 70's records,these use to be available in any Oxfam shops for ten-bob until he died and every trendy fucker in the world started to pretend they'd been into him for years...man.This was his most political period and also his least commercial too.For someone who thought this would be his last record(it wasn't)he produced quite a masterpiece.'The Man...'is the 4th in a series of records under the American banner.Like the previous 3 it's a collection of a few covers(Depeche Mode,Nine Inch Nails),some duets(Nick cave)and some superb songs of his own.His own material reflects the dark trauma of a man close to death several times throughout his life but never more so than on the title track.A personal haunting vision of the apocalypse.Death and survival,pain and redemption,seperetion and consolation,dead cowboys,junkie angst and the coolest version EVER of Danny Boy!Wonderfully bleak.

you're in the right ball park,if you like any of these 80's hc revieval bands that seem to be everywhere right now you wont be disappointed with this.It's way better than a lot of it.Don't bother with their second LP-'Live For Nothing'-it's pretty tame,this 7" and first LP are what you want.(Six Feet Under Records,105 W Garrison Rd,Parkside,PA 19015,USA)



"I got no football experience..
but the media love me"

D'CORNER BOIS-'Be Nice Or Fuck Off'.CD
No label info on this so I reckon its one of them DIY productions.If so top marks to them for that.4 young looking Brummies singing above average street punk with excellent lyrics and politics.Not often you hear that in the same sentence!(319 Brandwood Park Road,Birmingham,B14 6QR)

Wolfe Tones

THE WOLFE TONES-'The Troubles'.CD
Latest release from Irelands best(and most censored) folk band.2 discs,32 songs and a huge booklet outlining the history of the 'troubles'.Excellent as always except for the dance medleys at the end of both discs.They have to be heard to be believed!!The songs all relate to the present stage of the struggle to unite Ireland.Check them out when they tour next as you are guaranteed a great night out.(Celtic Connections Records)

Paul carter

DRONGOES FOR EUROPE-'Hotline To Hades'.CD.
That most unusual of things...a reformed punk band that's not in it for the money!This lot still hold true to their DIY roots and refuse to sell out.12 trax of heads down stick 2 fingers in the air snotty punk rock.Excellent stuff.Best release on Punk Shit by a country mile!Nice colour booklet with loads of photos and a high quality recording.Recommended...highly!(Punk Shit Records)

"Over the last century, giant strides forward were made by those asserting their rights and self-determination in the fields of race, gender and sexuality, but 'mental health' issues failed to keep pace. This is set to change." Mad Pride

Remember!
Bhopal - 1984



No Justice? No Peace!

God Bless Amerikkka?

East Enders under the British Empire

People of the Abyss
By Jack London
Published by Pluto Press
Price £10.99 (pb), £35.00 (hb)

JACK London, being a skilled political and social writer, and a social analyst of his time, was fascinated by why such poverty was to be found in the heart of London, Britain's capital city.

Written during the height of the Empire, which saw Britain become the wealthiest country in the world, London's East End rotted in dreadful poverty only a few miles away from the lavish West End.

London, being an American, found his research on the East End initially difficult.

Outsider

He was an obvious outsider, being both an American and of a higher social class than most East Enders.

London tried to cover up the fact he was not a 'dosser' (unemployed person) because his background was a barrier.

However, such was his determination, this did not stop him.

London gave a fascinating, though shocking, insight into the East End. He knew east Londoners were being treated abominably, even by capitalist standards.

One of the first points to be raised was the difference between East Londoners and most other types of human life.

East Londoners reminded London of 'beasts', resulting from being de-humanised by the British economic system (he never mentions capitalism) bending people out of shape by hard labour and undernourishment.

London describes different individuals, often good, honest people, who worked hard all their lives only to gain grey hair, shabby clothes, stooped shoulders and slatternly figures, such as one woman from whom he sought a room.

Others, such as a sailor London befriended, were resigned to the drink more than anything else.

That particular sailor had had such a traumatic experience from his mother, how she fought with his father over money, that there was no place for a woman in his life.

This example illustrated how economics and being desperately poor can, and does, mangle human lives into the most miserable existence.

London described the sailor as an unconscious hedonist, utterly immoral, materialistic, while seeking the greatest happiness for himself.

Corrects

However, later London corrects his judgement of the sailor, saying how it was criminal for people and in particular East Londoners to have children only to have them condemned to death through poverty.

There was a vicious cycle of the British economic system. With the super rich West End and poverty stricken workshop of the east.

Generations of young and fit English youngsters poured into London from the country only for families to die off by the third generation.

Such was the poverty, that East Londoners would slowly degrade: overworked, undernourished, condemned to an early death, often not even to reproduce, sometimes having their offspring die before them.

The air in London was also filthy, ruining people's respiratory systems, alongside the vicious overcrowding of East End houses and sweatshops where people as young as 15 could work 12 hour days.

Horrible

However, despite all the horrible examples of economic brutality placed on East Enders, worse still was the state of shelter.

As many people were homeless, to stop them from sleeping in parks after dark, parks were fitted with vicious iron spiked gates to prevent people jumping the fence, with bobbies (policemen) moving people along if they stayed in one place too long, especially if they fell asleep.

As the parks were not an option for many East Londoners, other than for a few hours, their only other option, as London found out, were the 'doss houses', which went under a few different names.

As London experienced first hand these doss houses and became acquainted with the people who frequented them.

He noted how the homeless spoke very intelligently of politics despite their material position being so bad that they could barely feed themselves to subsistence level.

They were not fools and talked of 'bloody revolution', however, they did not know how this was to be achieved.

If the doss house would let you in, as they were often full up, a breakfast was provided the next day.

To pay for it, people were worked like slaves afterwards, doing jobs such as cleaning out hospital rubbish bins, which were full of disease, and other tasks, like scrubbing, which London participated in.

He knew he and the other men were being ripped off as the breakfast and accommodation was not worth a fraction of the labour extracted from them.

London described the role of religion as useless.

Many people of the East End were so weary and starved, they had little time to think about religion, and even less time to worry about going to hell if they sinned.

Grub

"They're yearning being for grub not Salvation," London writes.

To escape the grinding poverty of the East End slums, the fittest and stronger people would often enlist in the Army, or Navy, for their 'meal-ticket'.

However, military service came at a price of helping the British Empire stamp its authority conquering peoples around the globe, extracting the resources to make wealth for the sake of the officers and the ruling class from which they were drawn.

This upper class often squandered the money on the most ridiculous of luxuries.

According to London 32 per cent of the total wealth produced by the toilers of the whole of the country was taken by the upper class, a tiny proportion of the population, while the East End, in particular, toiled, rotted and died.

London's account describes waves of foreigners flowing into London's East End and the resentment of some of the local people who considered this was bringing decent working class east Londoners down.

Despite their poverty, some of them expressed the outlook of the British Empire, of English superiority.

A superficial reading of the book might suggest that London condoned this outlook, but he was merely recounting what he saw.

All in all, *People of the Abyss* is a good read, highlighting various examples of the intense poverty of the working class of London around the turn of last century.

The situation of the East End is structurally the same today, it is still an area where, almost exclusively, workers live.

London's book is not a political analysis and perspective concerning how to end the poverty he saw. It is a well-written, vivid eyewitness account of that poverty.

Better Read than Red!!!

When ordering send cash.Tape coins firmly to card or fold notes inside card to avoid junkie postmen!I prefer stamps meself.Don't make chqs/P.O's out to the name of the zine as funnily enough a lot of editors don't have accounts in the name of their zines.Leave payee blank in that case.Postage is not included so send either a A5 or A4 SSAE,which is a stamped,self-addressed envelope with your order and tell em where you saw their zine mentioned.Doing a fanzine is easy.You should all be doing one.Send me a couple of stamps and I'll send you a load of photo-copies on how to do a zine.One point to make is that some of these reviews may not be of the current issue, this is beyond my control.

RIPPING THRASH #23/GADGIE#21.A5.50p.Not sure what to make of this as I hadn't heard of any of the bands i/viewed but despite that they are all interesting.The music covered aint really my thing but theres plenty of reading and stacks of reviews.The Gadgie side is more hilarious meanderings about any old bollocks and RT has been consistently good ever since I started reading it years back.Highly recommended.Steve,POBox152,Burton-On-Trent,DE14 1XX.

DIRTY DOG#7.A5.Free.Nice wee zine with i/v's with Hacksaw,The Lawrence Arms and the excellent Against Me!Total cut'n'paste with good columns and stories.Worth getting solely for the 'Play Poker' piece which explains how to play this bafflingly popular game.Gotta be worth the price of a stamp.28 Baron Meads Road,High Wycombe,Bucks,HP12 3PQ.

WORKERS SOLIDARITY#80.A3.Free.News-sheet put out by Irelands Workers Solidarity Movement.Unfortunatly due to the WSM's anti-republican agenda there is fuck-all in here about Ireland.I've heard about being an internationalist but this is ridiculous!Globalisation,immigration,Palestine etc., but nothing on whats happening just a few miles up the road from their Dublin base.They describe themselves as a 'Platformist Anarchist Organisation'...eh?wot? WSM,POB 1528,Dublin 8,Ireland.

INITONIT#18.A5.50p.Initonit is 18!!28 pages with i/v's with miserable manc's Extinction Of Mankind,Pilger,a Patient Zero tour diary of Iceland,lots of political and personal snippets and the Boston Indian Queen gig venue.Paul,6 Hix Close,Holbeach,Lincs,PE12 7EN.

RESISTANCE#91.A4.Free.Monthly 4-page freesheet with news,views and a events calendar.Produced by the Anarchist Federation(they finally dropped the 'Communist' bit!)Recommended for anyone who doesn't get to hear whats going on in the anarcho world and feels isolated.Politics are not brilliant,it is done by the A.C.F after all,but better than waiting for the Anarchist Bookfair to come round.BM Anarfed,London,WC1N 3XX.

HEADWOUND#18.A4.£1.Easily the best fanzine of this issue!36 pages with tiny print,great lay-outs,tons'o'honest reviews,cool artwork and spot-on politics.i/v's with Whole In The Head(ex-Haywire),Kismet Hc,Filthpact and a few more including Steve from BPP Records.Unusual to see an A4 anarcho zine too.And I wonder if the fantastic Wolfe Tones have any idea how big they are in the punk scene!c/o Punktured,145-149 Cardigan Road,Leeds,LS6 1LJ.

BRIGADISTA:AN IRISHMAN'S FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM by ***BOB DOYLE***.The story of the last remaining member of the Irish International Brigade who left Ireland to go overseas to fight Franco's fascist army in Spain in 1936.Born into a Dublin slum in 1916 Bob experienced harsh poverty and injustice and his awakening came when he witnessed the rise of the Blueshirts-Irelands fascists of the 1930's who were backed by the rich,the police and the church.Captured in Spain and after enduring months of beatings and torture he was eventually released in a prisoner exchange. He settled in London and soon became a regular face on left-wing marches and meetings.He never forgot his duty to Spain and returned many times at great personal risk to smuggle left-wing propaganda into the country.A true working class hero.I'll end with these words of his..."Every bullet I fired in Spain would be against the Dublin landlords and capitalists".Inspiring.£10 from Four Provinces Bookshop,244 Grays Inn Road,London,WC1X 8JR.

PLOPPY PANTS#5.A5.50p.A proper punk rock zine.A mix of handwritten,computer and typewriter chucked together in that punk as fuck way we at MPATA basement love so much.Great i/v's with Kamikazee,Step On It and Ripping Thrash fanzine.With a free Tosh (from The Bill) mask and a couple of vegan recipes from Roddy,Pillars Organic Farm,Falkland,Fife,Scotland.

ANARCHOI#15.A4.£1.This is a wee bit out of date but it comes out so regular its hard to keep up with the bastard.By now he could be on #50 but getting better and better with each issue.This is cut'n'paste heaven with all the usual fanzine fair...except no poetry or recipes!Music tends to be of the UK Subs/Drongos For Europe variety so nowt wrong there.The print use to be massive but I think it got through to Jamesy and he's reduced it considerably so much much better.James,3 Hazelgrove,Kilwinning,Ayrshie,KA13 7JH.

A VOID#1.A5.50p.A bit on the slight side,only 16pages,with stuff on doing the zine,cartoon movie news, a Filthpact i/v and reviews.Contact a-void_zine@yahoo.co.uk

AGITATE#6.A5.40p.I'm sure Chris use to do another zine but for the life of me I cant remember the title.Anyroad this is very similar in lay-out and music.20 pages with i/v's with them misery guts Extinction Of Mankind and Ruin and political stuff on Black-Bloc's,Cardiff Anarchists,Anti-ID Cards and reviews.Small print so plenty to read.POB 202,Shipley,BD18 3WB.

going to happen,' says Andy. 'You think it's going to be quiet and then you get a riot.' He should know – he was involved in the first poll tax riots. 'We weren't in riot gear then, we only had on tunics and hats. It was terrifying. Someone was charged for

SICK vandals have smashed a memorial to a murdered motorbike cop just three months after it was unveiled by the Prime Minister.

London police officer shot

Italian dictator Mussolini was expelled from school for stabbing a fellow pupil in the buttocks.

NORFOLK 1

MONDAY – Yob with air rifle shoots 50 windows at JobCentre causing £5,000 of damage

A POSH foxhunt ball ended in tragedy when a reveller collapsed and died on the dancefloor.

Event organiser Kate Benyon, 34, said: "It was traumatic for everybody."

TELLY'S Chris Evans ran for his life after being attacked by a violent gang of thugs yesterday.

Terrified Chris, 36, thought he was being kidnapped after his pal was clubbed with a wooden stake.

GADGIE#20.A5.50p.Shit I'm really falling behind some of these zines.More stuff on Boston's Indian Queen alongside a holiday review(!),obscure stuff on footie and horror films,a i/v with Flyblown and an article on Urko.Always entertaining this zine no matter what the subject.Marv,POB 93,Boston,Lincs,PE21 7YB.

TOILET PAPER#14.A5.2 Euro's.Fem-punk zine with great cut'n'paste lay-outs,some hand-written some computer.The reviews are particulary excellent and also some of the personal musings too.Some of it went over my head but only in that at the moment I'm not in the mood for such things,some time soon I'll read it again.Alva,Johann-Kohlmann-Str.8,53913 Swisttal,Germany.

SUCK TILL I SAG#3.A5.50p.'All the usually zine stuff done unusually' as it says on the cover and not wrong too!A great wee zine that had me in stitches a few times and a very novel way of doing gig reviews.Dunno what the porn writing bollox is about?Is it punk?i/v's with Barnyard Mastabator,Red Flag77 and The Briefs.Good attitude overall.STYS,166 Hallam Cres East,Braunstone,Leicester,LE3 4FF.

CLASS WAR.Tabloid.£1.Thank fuck they finally got someone with an art degree to lay the paper out!The problem with CW since the split was never the writing it was the bleedin' awful lay-out which made it look like any other leftie crap paper.Part of CW's appeal was that it looked totally different to rest of the lefts rags and I'm glad to say its back to business again.Loadse interesting articles on a whole range of stuff but mainly the old fave's of the royal family and the upper classes.CW,POB 467,London,E8 3QX.

NOW OR NEVER!#10.A3.£1.Following on from the CW review because this paper looks like how CW use to look when it looked shit!Sorry guys but you gonna have to do something about it.Once again nowt wrong with the content in fact it has the right blend of articles covering just about every strand of anarchism...and that is hard!it's the paper of Norwich Anarchists and therefore is mostly about that area.POB 487,Norwich,NR5 8WE.

THOUGHT BOMBS#22.A5.?.Densely packed zine published by Chicago Anarchist Black Cross.Loaded with articles and artwork by and about prisoners.A big feature on the groups infiltration,along with 4 other radical groups, by the Cicago old-bill.Also stuff on the proposed Haymarket Martyrs Memorial and the exclusion of any anarchists from its planning committee...unbelievable!Cover price is free to prisoners but anyone else had better check first.SCABC Zine Distro,POB 721,Homewood,IL 60430,Usa or chicagoabc@hotmail.com

Sin Dios

At this point in history whilst we await the unipolar imperialist consolidation that brings us closer to the old dreams of the financial and multinational elites of a world government, it is clearer than ever that there are thousands of reasons to be against this imperialism that brings starvation, suffering and death to most of the worlds population.

In order to fight the feelings of impotence and desperation, our aim is to "kill the fear " that they want to innoculate us with.

Even though they can kill us doesn't mean they can kill our hope and ideals and that hope is our fuel to confront their plans of death.

Their initial victory is to disarm us from the very first moments with the drug of desperation and the defeatist sensibilities that see us to our graves. In truth, it is time to arm ourselves with passion and remember the thousands of reasons that there are to be against this murderous system.

Maybe these are not the best times for anarchism or anti-authoritarian proposals, but that doesn't mean that we have to abandon all our struggles to the control of the vanguardist, sectarian or authoritarian tendencies.

Now is the moment to raise our voices, without complications, without cowardice, to make sure that the black fires of anarchism keep burning strong enough to be the nightmare of all the bosses.

That we are alive and know how to work together to create an anti-imperialism resistance, but always fighting the lust for power of the revolutionary wolves who hide in sheeps skin.

It's time today, to give a hand to those who suffer the genocidal aggression, whether by starvation, sickness or direct agression, to show the world that their countries and their flags mean shit to us and that the only human condition that we acknowledge is that of the exploited in global resistence.

That's why we are here today, to remind and demand that punk is another front of the social war and that from our trenches we contribute to the soundtrack of the anarchist revolt.

We formed the band 14 years ago and always tried to take ahead our ideas of D.I.Y and Anticapitalism, spreading the anarchist message:

Do not look for personal profit.

Our records are always published to popular prices (half or a third of the commercial ones), and by non-comercial labels.

The gigs we play always have to be with cheap prices, as much the entrance as the drink.

We don´t play for comercial promoters, institutional organizations or political parties.

We hope you enjoy the music and the ideas we try to comunicate

www.nodo50.org/sindios/

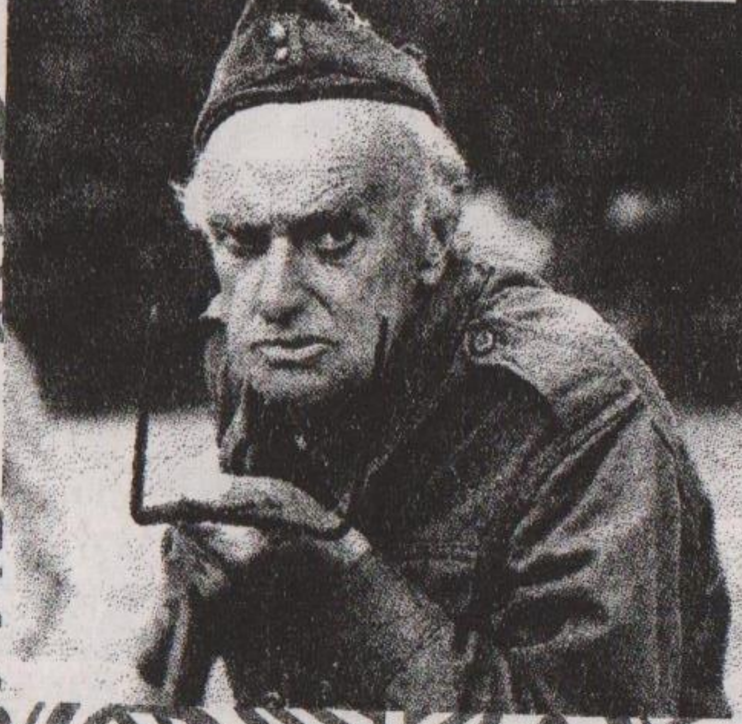
Cheers, love, and hate to the Empire !

PEOPLE WHO MADE THEIR CAREERS OUT OF FAKING WORKING CLASS

1. Harry Enfield
2. Chris Evans
3. John Peel
5. Danny Baker
6. Mick Jagger
7. Fat Boy Slim(real name Quentin)
8. Johnny Vaughan
9. Nick Hancock
10. Keith Allen(this also includes his fucking kids)

Send in your lists for inclusion next time.

COME ON THEN YOU POSH ENGLISH CUNTS!



LAST OF THE MOHICANS... I WISH!

The American Indians wore it best but us punks pushed em to a close second.The latest trend of the mohawk adorning the pate's of soccer studs,trendy heterosexuals and the (very)odd French fashion guru really does need its teeth kicking in.Once the ultimate sign of 'up yours' to conservative society its now more about fashion than rebellion.The ridiculous one-inch high 'faux-hawk' snaking down the heads of yer Beckscums and Robbie Williams is an insult to those of us who got a kicking every time we left the house and had to fight for the right to look like a sexually active peacock!Like white people with dreads or beading or corn rows a mohi on a trendy will never look anything other than stupid.If I knew I was pioneering the look for these cunts (AND ravers)I don't think I would have bothered.Pass the clippers!

OHR MUSIK: FRICTION BURNS

The name means 'ear music',and is used for 2 reasons.First,'OHR' was the name of a legendary Kraut rock label from the early 70's;secondly ,ear music is exactly what this is...music to sink back and into,if you want.

OHR Musik began with an album on vinyl only for the Prescription label,which was part of a series paying homage to Kraut rock.Andy and David were both admirers of this type of music,and relished the chance to make an LP,with the assistance of Prescription head Edward Kent on drums.

But that was not enough.As an anarchist of no fixed persuasion,and with an interest in punk,Andy had always felt dissatisfied with the rigidity of anarcho-punk.Surely,if a music was to reflect its politics,just putting it into the lyrics was not enough,especially when the lyrics were usually unintelligible.So why not make an album that reflected this,and what better vehicle than Krautrock,where the socialist and anarchist politics of the musicians were mirrored in their collective and improvised approach to making music that reflected their ways of living?

So,in 1998,Andy and David convened in Sundial Studios with 3 members of punk band Swine(aka The Assasins,famous anarcho-punk band)and guitarist Paul Belguim. 3days later,'Friction Burns' was finished,the result of an anarcho-collectivist approach to music-making.Is it punk?Well it doesn't sound like the Ramones,but it has the ideals of punk put into action within its conception.

Captain Trip Records of Japan-home of Kraut and improv bands old and new,including genuine legends Neu!' and 'Amon Duul II'-liked the tapes ,and offered to release the album on CD.Then due to circumstances beyond anyones control ,Andy vanished.

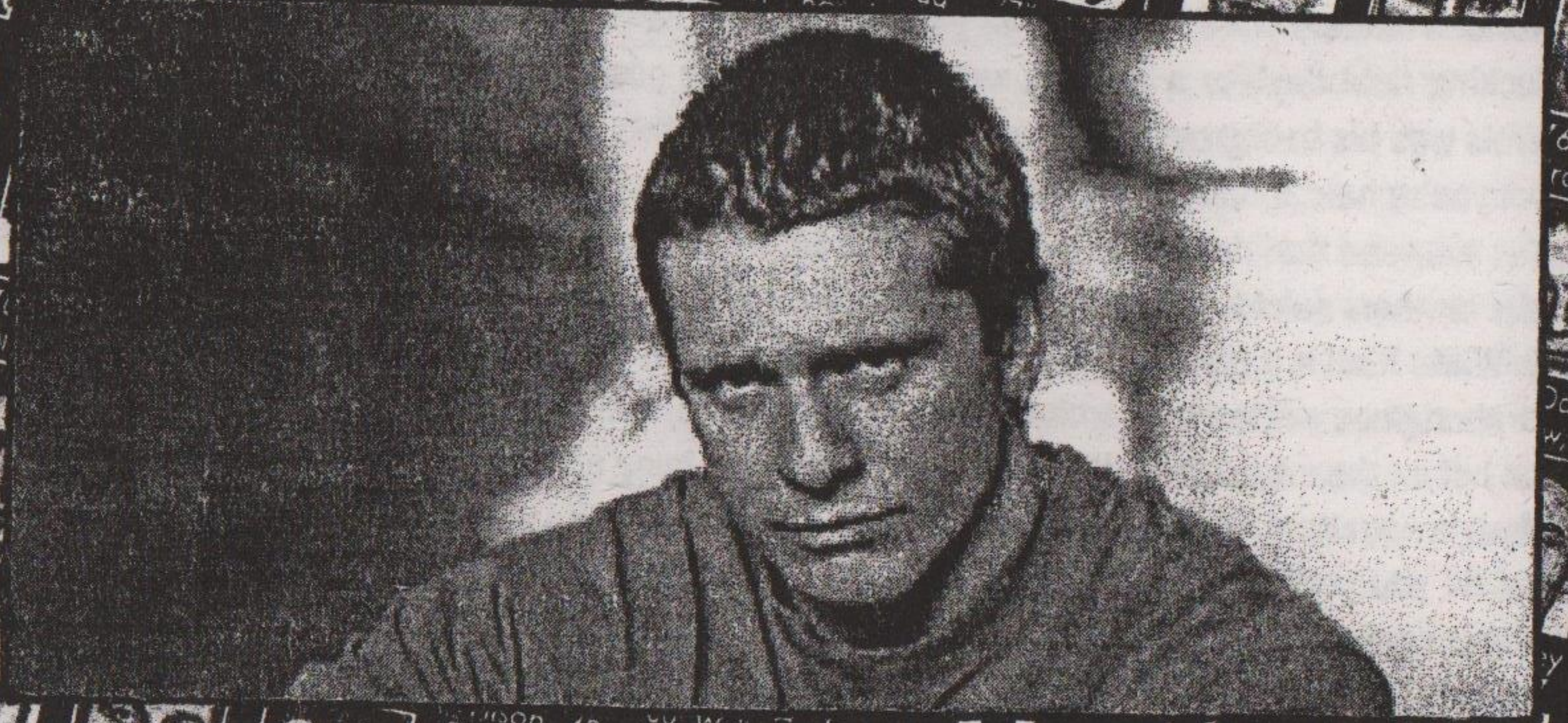
But stocks have re-surfaced and the CD is now available again,at a price of £6 including P&P,direct from Andy at 77 Tamar Square,Woodford Green,Esse,IG8 0EB.(chqs to 'A.Boot).Don't buy it if you want three chord ramalama.But maybe you like the idea of a one-chord drone...

And why Plymouth? "That's easy. I come from Poole and I love sailing. Plymouth is on the coast and the sailing is great." Some student habits still die hard.

DAMIEN DEMPSEY

Damien Dempsey is a working class Irishman and a professionally trained musician. Originally from Dublin, he's been living in Kilburn for the past year or so. Damo's music knocked me out when I first heard him. His is a powerful voice for working class solidarity in the face of capitalist oppression and state violence. But he doesn't come on strong as the working class hero or a superstar. Damo pulls no punches (love those boxing references!), it's a hard, honest look at ourselves and how we are driven by our frustrated rage into self-sabotage. Try listening to 'Sing All Our Cares Away' or 'Ghosts Of Overdoses' (both from 'Seize The Day) and not be moved by his righteous anger. This is a shout for working class solidarity in the face of the daily assaults of capitalism. An experience which both Irish and British workers share: state violence, slum housing, unemployment. While the bosses sent Irish youth to the 'Industrial schools' to break their spirit, British youth were disciplined at borstal: both were sites of class violence, sexual and physical abuse and resistance.

Yes, we turn to drugs and alcohol to cope (and why not?). Damo's not judgemental but understanding: he doesn't point the finger, he doesn't moralise. He's been there. Yes, it capitalism that fucks us up and sometimes we lash out at ourselves, at our own class, but try to 'use your head': it's the bosses who are the our enemy not ourselves. We don't have to survive just as victims, because together 'we are strong'. This is compassion with a cutting edge of class-consciousness: he moves us and his fighting spirit emboldens us. Spot on, Damo.



Damo's spot on with Irish history too. He doesn't go for cheap sentimentality and a romantic view. The 700+ years of colonial oppression and Irish resistance are about anti-military occupation, destruction of Irish culture, state violence-this history the Irish share with all the other colonised peoples across the globe. Remember: at the bottom of the pile was the Irish working class, and its resistance is part of the world-wide anti-imperialist struggle. The Irish never gave up the struggle('Great Gaels Of Ireland') and lets be optimistic, because 'things are looking up for paddys at home and overseas'). Both Irish and British workers face the destruction of our communities by property developers and a neo-colonisation by yuppies, be it in Dublin or docklands. Although the bosses try to set us against each other, for Damo, 'differences will unite'.

There's a lot of autobiographical stuff in his music: he sings from a bruised heart. Damo's so honest and so tender about the tearing pain that love can bring ('Hold Me'). Yes, 'Jealousy's cruel, had me like a fool'. well we've all been there. We all carry that pain and rage inside: but Damo shouts it out: it's part of the price we are forced to pay within this system that fucks us all up. I love this guy- tender and tough. He comes over as genuine and is well aware of the lure of consumer capitalism which may snare us, and him. For Damo, the threat of 'stardom' is ever present, but for him there are no 'throw away lyrics' with 'no meaning at all'. Damo keeps his feet on the ground: getting back to his working class roots in Ireland keeps him sorted. Get out there and give this guy a listen.

FILM REVIEW
THE FUTURE IS UNWRITTEN
Directed by Julian Temple, 2007

Now first things first this IS a good documentary. Whether or not it's a authentic portrayal of the life and times of Joe Strummer is debatable.Now I'd be the first to admit that I couldn't understand all the fuss made by punks over Joe Strummers death.It was as though he was our very own Queen Mum!The film is put together with a lot of style.All the interviews are done by a bonfire and theres no captions which has the unfortunate effect of you just realising whose been talking 5 minutes after they've finished and someone else is on now...that's whasisface...innit?Anyone whose seen Temples other film about the Pistols will know what I mean.After his death the telly was lit up with processions of 2-bob celebrities to tell us how the Clash had changed their lives.The film also has this but the quality of celeb is a wee bit higher with Bono and Johnny Depp among others informing us of their deep love of punk rock...sorry the Clash. Its well known to fans(and I include meself here)that The Clash did one absolutely brilliant LP.In fact one of the top 5 punk LP's of all time.But after that?They got progressively worse musically and lyrically obscure until finally they were destroyed by Strummers ego and greed to break the US market and turn The Clash into a fucking jazz/dance band!He seems to have spent his entire musical career turning on his friends and sacking them whenever it suited HIM and then ignoring them for years and sometimes till his death.This is possibly the most annoying problem with the film but you cant blame Temple if none of Strummers mates and ex-mates will say one bad or even controversial word about him.The whole film is a Strummer love-in with people falling over themselves to say what a 'top geezer' he was.

Now any previous readers of MPATA know we got a thing about class and when it comes to class and Strummer then its like a fucking field day!For a start he went to a extremely posh private school.One where the leaders of this country go.This was his background.Of course the film portrays this as being the time in his life when he first learnt to rebel."Cor you're hard drinking and smoking at 14!".Even worse was that his father was the British ambassador to Burma.Yes you read that right.The British ambassador to Burma.We learn that one of the major events in his life was his older brothers suicide at this school but later on in the film his daughters private school accents give the game away.'White Riot' is a great song and it totally catches what white working class people are about but its like a book about aborigines written by a white aussie.I've often heard of Strummer living among the down and outs of west London but on the evidence of this film he seems to have hung about with his own.,middle class students,drop-outs and lifestyle squatters.Hearing stories about being so skint that he was reduced to eating wallpaper paste etc., great stories till you realise he was1 phone call away from a life of luxury.("I want to live like common people,I wanna whatever common people do"-Pulp).At least he was aware of this contradiction cos why else would he talk in such a fucking stupid way if not to hide his royal-family-alike one!

His attempt to regain some 'street cred' by supporting the Class War-Rock Against The Rich tour also coincidentally saw his first record release in years.Class War members around the country boycotted the gigs.In Donny they even picketed it!I saw the hotel he stayed during the Manchester leg of the tour and it just happened to be the biggest one in town.I hope Class War weren't paying.Needless to say this part of his life doesn't even warrant a mention even though he'd been silent for years.Obviously the mere mention of Class War would be too much for Bono and his ilk to stomach.I met him in the car-park of the gig venue while we played football.Class War v One Style MDV(the support) and roadies.Strummer came out and first thing he does is kick the ball over a fucking huge fence...prompting loadsa jokes about how he's more use to rugby or polo!

It'd be a lie to say the Clash didn't influence the punk scene for the better but one LP does not legends make.At least they recognised the importance of class in their lyrics while the likes of Crass slagged it off.Unashamedly Crass sang "middle class,working class,it's all a load of shit".Is it?I suppose it is if you're m/c as you'd love the rest of us to forget our class so that you're guilt doesn't bother you too much.Want to change the world but leave the punk scene exactly the same with them on the top and us at the fucking bottom.What does a privately educated diplomats son have in common with the people he sang about in the early days of the Clash anyway?It must have been easy to con people you were working class cos every other fucking punk was some rich cunt pretending to be poor!As punk moved out of the art schools and posh suburbs and into w/c areas they couldn't get away with it anymore.Towards the end of his life Strummer and the Clash received many plaudits and rewards and this film reflects that but when Joe Strummer died the punk scene didn't lose anything.What was lost was a great musician but just a musician after all.

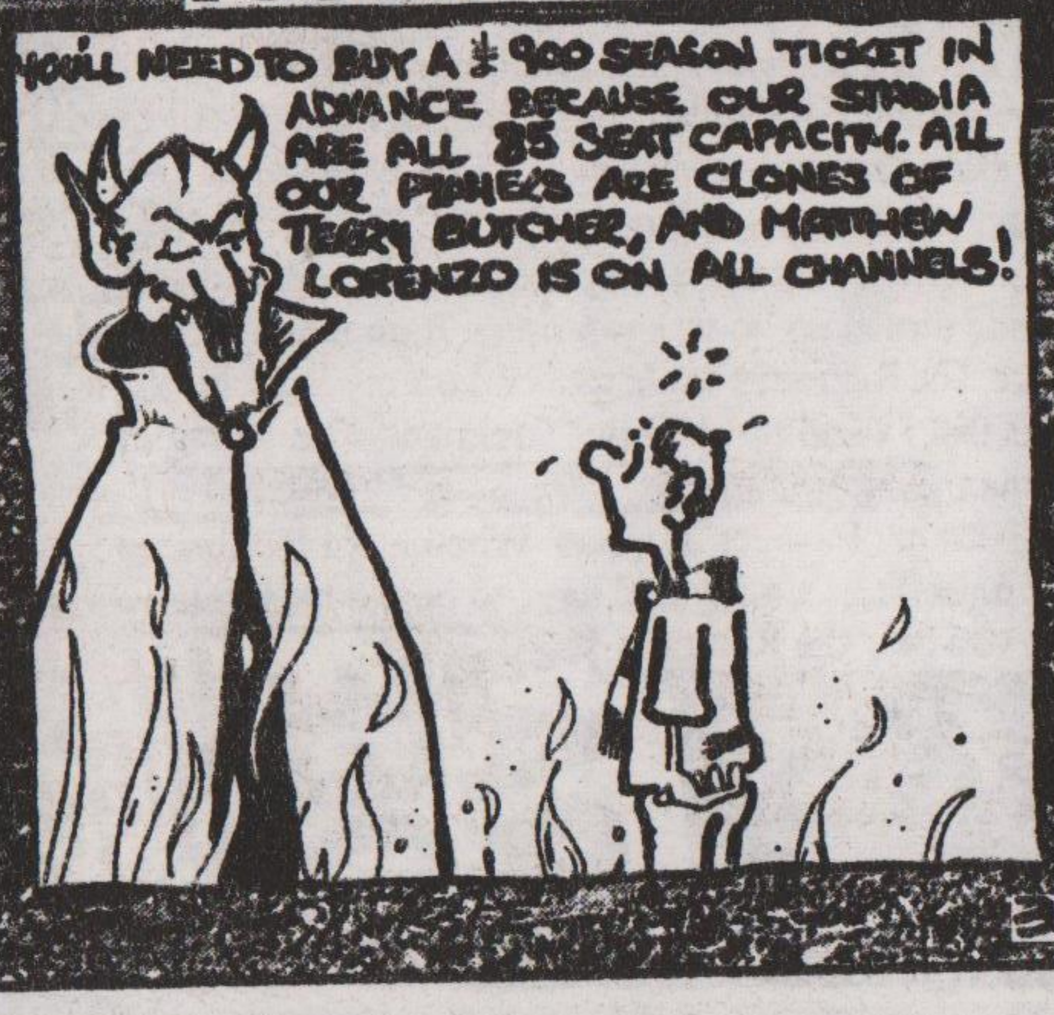
FOOTBALL=CLASS COLLABORATION



WHY I HATE THE BASTARD

It all goes back to me secondary modern schooldays, the days of the 11plus which us poor thick gets failed of course, then the streaming which designated us , mainly the sons and daughters of manual workers as irredeemable thickies. It was the 'C' Class for us, from the first year to the last. We were in the lowest class in the lowest type of school. Education was not for us, containment was the alternative policy. We were beaten every day by the teachers with sticks and without exception we hated them, I've hated teachers and authority ever since. "Thick" you want thick/ If we couldn't be good at anything else then we'd be the best thick bastards in the region, we perfected the slow non comprehending stare, the resentful cool walk, we would never run or hurry up, despite slaps kicks or the cane, we perfected the silent look that said as plainly as a advertisement hoarding "WE HATE YOU BASTARDS". There was one chink in the armour, C Class kids loved football, they could try and buy co-operation by bouncing a football I you direction, by getting all the hard kads to drop their guards and start running up and down at the instruction of the teacher with the whistle. Not for us instead we chose not to play, not to collaborate, we stood in resentful groups refusing to run or jump or chase the stupid ball about, we would not get enthusiastic over anything the swine had to offer. At times such as the school sports day, when everything would be jolly hockey sticks and all having fun together, they would try and trick us by calling it "fun". "How about a egg and spoon race?" "NA!" "Bag race?" "NA!" "Three legged race?" "NA!" Na we'd not play the game, any of them. Football was collaboration, we would not be bought. The sight of thousands of tame workers, held in voluntary captivity watching richly paid prima donnas act like animated budgies on the pitch still turns me belly. Football? Fuck off.

FOOTBALL HELL



FOOTBALL HEAVEN



RAMONE No 2 IS ... AND DEAD

Dee Dee Ramone:
1952 - 2002

Well some people in our lovely green and pleasant land might be choked that the Queen Mum{God bless her } has kicked the gold plated bucket so soon after Princess Margaret, but we must not forget that there is another family which has suffered tragedy over the last few months. The family Ramone.... First Joey and now Dee Dee have departed from us.

I was gutted when I was told Joey died, to be honest I'd been expecting it for years as he just looked so unwell. He had been battling cancer for a while. Yet another punk rock hero of mine gone. Then just over a year later, more bad news...

50 year old Dee Dee died from a suspected drug overdose. I had meet Dee Dee at a book signing in 1997 when his book "Surviving The Ramones" came out. I knew the co-author Veronica Kofman who ran the Ramones UK fan club, so i got a chance to say a few words... What can you say to a legend, not much I'm afraid but i thanked him for all the good times. It upsets me to say this but he looked pretty wasted then, the sex, drugs and rock and roll had taken their toll on him. I wasn't surprised to hear that drugs may have played a part in his death.

Although before the band finally split he had not played with them for years he still wrote songs for the band and was always a part of them. It's probably best not to mention the solo projects or the Hip Hop years {please}. I was sad when he left the band but i think that the new bass player CJ brought new blood and ideas into the family which helped keep them going for a few more years.

The Ramones are easily one of the most important bands in rock and roll history. Their Influence is immense. The first few albums help change music in the late seventies. "Ramones", "Ramones Leave Home" and "Rocket To Russia" are classics and anyone and i really do mean anyone who says that "It's Alive" {and i was there!!!} isn't one of the greatest live albums ever released should be fucking shot....

One of the things that always struck me was that even away from the punk scene it didn't matter which band you went to see from Sonic Youth to Slayer... from Babes in Toyland to Motorhead you would see someone in a Ramones T-shirt.

I first saw them was at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse in June 1977, i think it was the bands second time over here. It was my first ever gig. Australian band "The Saints" and the arty farty "Talking Heads" were also on the bill. I was sweet sixteen with long hair and baggy trousers. I was shitting myself because of all the scary looking punk rockers hanging around the place. I loved the music and brought the records but this was my first taste of punk rock in the flesh... Christ.. What a night. The Ramones were simply brilliant, I'd never seen or heard anything like it. I don't honesty think i could write down how much that night help change my life or the way I'd view the music world from that moment onwards "No Elvis, Beatles or The Rolling Stones " sang The Clash in '77... Fucking right. Well about a week later i was a punk rocker walking around North London frightening old ladies and getting beaten up by Teddy Boys. Things would never be the same again.

Forget some of those crappy studio albums and the occasional asshole attitude a couple of the band members had. Remember their influence on the punk scene and remember them for being an amazing live band. Their gigs were always a great laugh and a good chance to meet up with old friends and make new ones. I even fell in love with a girl I'd met at a Ramones gig. Even more impressive than that was the time i went to see them play the Hammersmith Palais and got so drunk i missed the bands set , then ended up getting knocked unconscious after starting {and losing} a fight with one of the many bouncers there, i then finished the perfect night out by pissing myself... **PUNK ROCK !!!**

A couple of years ago i travelled around South America and spent a couple of days in a Brazilian jungle camp miles from anywhere. When our guide turned up he was wearing a Ramones T shirt and i spent hours talking to him about the band. I've got The Ramones eagle tattooed on my leg which amazed him. I never thought i my wildest dreams that i'd end up singing "Commando" in a jungle surrounded by massive spiders with a mad Brazilian.

I'm in my forties now and their music have been with me for over 25 years. Whenever i feel low or depressed i often put the Ramones on help cheer myself up. You would have to be the most miserable prick in the whole wide world not to smile when you hear the Ramones.

Gabba Gabba Hey...

STEVE "H"...

Dee Dee
1952 -

PRO-WORKING CLASS PUNK ANARCHIST ZINE

MOST PUNKS ARE TOTAL ARSEHOLES

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE DESTABILISATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL WEB OF CAPITALIST TRICKERY DROP US A LINE AT...



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it's@loteasierth@nth@tbollocks!